★Aug. 4, 1951

# THE NEW YORKER

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

### PLAYS

**The Moon Is Blue**—A smooth and surefire comedy, by F. Hugh Herbert, about a boy who gets a girl in three acts. With Donald Cook, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Barry Nelson. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The Rose Tattoo**—Tennessee Williams' lively drama about a perfervid Sicilian woman who keeps her late husband's ashes enshrined in her living room and lets a rather inadequate *slip serve as her widow's weeds. Maureen* Stapleton is splendid as the lady, and Eli Wallach is quite diverting as a truck driver who helps convince her that any kind of live man is better than a dead one. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Stalag 17**—A comedy melodrama that will be fairly rough going for anyone unaccustomed to functional jokes. It concerns life in a German prison camp, where scatological humor is all the rage. Directed by José Ferrer, *the play includes in its cast John Ericson,* Robert Strauss, Harvey Lembeck, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs—AFFAIRS OF STATE:** Washington love and politics. Now with June Havoc. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SEASON IN THE SUN:** Wolcott Gibbs' series of Fire Island stories, revamped into a comedy. Nancy Kelly, Victor Jory, and Joan Diener are currently on hand. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### MUSICALS

**Guys and Dolls**—A triumphant comedy taken from one of Damon Runyon's stories. The book is the work of Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the dashing cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, and Robert Alda. Martha Stewart has replaced Vivian Blaine, who is on vacation. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**The King and I**—A bright and handsome view of Siam, in the best recent Rodgers and Hammerstein tradition. Gertrude Lawrence heads the cast, and gets notable support from Yul Brynner and others. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

**Seventeen**—A musical version of the Booth Tarkington novel that is not without its lightweight, summery moments. Sally Benson is responsible for the book, and Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris *Dalton are some of the Hoosiers.* (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**A Tree Grows in Brooklyn**—From the novel of the same title, Betty Smith, the original author, and George Abbott have fashioned an adaptation that has both humor and pathos. It also has nice songs by Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields and a magnificently funny performance by Shirley Booth. Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey are among those supporting *Miss Booth. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226.* Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Two on the Aisle**—Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and a good company in a fast but not particularly distinguished revue. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Long Runs—CALL ME MADAM:** Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador to Lichtenburg. Irving Berlin wrote the songs, and Paul Lukas and Russell Nype are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES:** Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Shirl Conway, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Roger Rico is playing opposite Martha Wright these days. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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### THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

**Abingdon**—Thursday, Aug. 2: "Sun-Up." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 3-4: "Two on an Island." Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 6-8: "Some Sweet Day," a new play. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 9-11: "Mr. *Thing," a new play by Mary Chase.* (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

**Andover**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Brigadoon." *Monday through* Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Lawrence Tibbett in "Rain." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

**Cape May**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Arms and the Man." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "The Big Knife." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

**Chatham**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The Show-Off." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 8-11: "All My Sons." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

**Clinton**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Olivia de Havilland in "Candida." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "Alice in Wonderland," a new musical. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

**Cohasset**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Blossom Time." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "The Merry Widow." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

**Coonamessett**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Constance Bennett in "Skylark." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: To be announced. (Falmouth Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Cragsmoor**—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: "Aren't We All?" Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 7-12: "Mr. Barry's Etchings." (Cragsmoor Theatre, Cragsmoor, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Sundays at 2:45.)

**Danbury**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The Firefly." Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 9-11: "The Merry Widow." (Danbury Fair, Danbury, Conn. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

**Dennis**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Claudette Colbert in "Island Fling," a new comedy by Noel Coward. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Jeffrey Lynn in "Berkeley Square." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

**Duxbury**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "For Love or Money." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 8-11: "The Marriage of Figaro." (Duxbury Theatre, Duxbury, Mass. Wednesdays *through Saturdays at 8:30.)*

**East Hampton**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Carol Bruce in "Pal Joey." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: John Loder in "For Love or Money." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

**Fayetteville**—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: Basil Rathbone in "The Gioconda Smile." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 7-12: Nancy Walker in "On the Town." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. *Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays* at 2:30.)

**Fitchburg**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "See How They Run." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

**Hyannis**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Finian's Rainbow." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "Blossom Time." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Ivoryton**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Joan Bennett in "Susan and God." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Kay Francis in "Mirror, Mirror," a new play by George Oppenheimer. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Mahopac**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The Male Animal." Tuesday through Saturday,

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVII, No. 25, August 4, 1951. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1951, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

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Aug. 7-11: "The Country Wife." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

**MARBLEHEAD**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Lawrence Tibbett in "Rain." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Paula Laurence in "A Connecticut Yankee." (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

**MILLBURN**—"Sweethearts." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**MOUNTAINHOME**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Alice in Wonderland," a new musical. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Joan Bennett in "Susan and God." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**MOUNT KISCO**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Estelle Winwood in "George and Margaret." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

**MOYLAN**—Thursday, Aug. 2: "The Imaginary Invalid." Friday, Aug. 3: "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg." Saturday, Aug. 4: "Yes Is for a Very Young Man." Tuesday, Aug. 7: "The Imaginary Invalid." Wednesday, Aug. 8: "No Exit." Thursday, Aug. 9: "Six Characters in Search of an Author." Friday, Aug. 10: "Yes Is for a Very Young Man." Saturday, Aug. 11: "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

**NEW HOPE**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: June Lockhart in "Claudia." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "The Hasty Heart." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**NEWPORT**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Claire Luce in "A Streetcar Named Desire." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Olivia de Havilland in "Candida." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**NORWICH**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Betty Field in "See Naples and Die." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: William Bendix in "Detective Story." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**OGUNQUIT**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Doro Merande in "This Is My Valley," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Melvyn Douglas and Signe Hasso in "Glad Tidings," a new play. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**OLNEY**—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: Ann Corio in "Anna Lucasta." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 7-12: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "The Fourposter," a new play by Jan de Hartog. (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**PAWLING**—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: "The Shining Hour." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 7-12: "Girl Crazy." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

**PETERBOROUGH**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The Bat." Starting Wednesday, Aug. 8: "Over 21." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

**PRINCETON**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Mae West in "Diamond Lil." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: John Garfield in "Golden Boy." (Princeton Summer Theatre, Princeton, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**PROVINCETOWN**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The Straw." Starting Monday, Aug. 6: "An Innocent in Time," a new play. (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

**SARATOGA SPRINGS**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Brigadoon." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Eve Arden in "Here Today." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**SEA CLIFF**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Burgess Meredith in "The Silver Whistle." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Helen Twelvetrees in "A Streetcar Named Desire." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

**SKOWHEGAN**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Lillian Gish in "Miss Mabel," a new play by R. C. Sherriff. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "A Streetcar Named Desire." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**SMITHTOWN BRANCH**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "Separate Rooms." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "Charley's Aunt." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:40.)

**SPRING LAKE**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 7-11: "Papa Is All." (Ivy Tower Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:45. Matinées Tuesdays at 2:30.)

**STOCKBRIDGE**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Paul Hartman in "One's a Crowd," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: "Lady Windermere's Fan." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

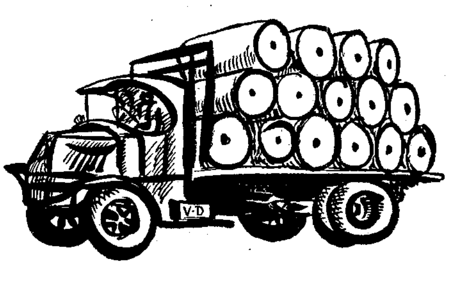
**WESTHAMPTON BEACH**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Arthur Treacher in "Clutterbuck." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Burgess Meredith in "The Silver Whistle." (Westhampton Playhouse, Westhampton Beach, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

**WESTPORT**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: Melvyn Douglas and Signe Hasso in "Glad Tidings," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 6-11: Claudette Colbert in "Island Fling," a new comedy by Noel Coward. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

**WOODSTOCK**—Through Sunday, Aug. 5: "The Sea Gull." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 7-12: "You Never Can Tell." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:40.)

**WORCESTER**—Through Saturday, Aug. 4: John Garfield in "Golden Boy." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 7-12: "Lady in the Dark." (The Playhouse, Worcester, Mass. Evenings at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:20.)

**NOTE**—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 4: The Jacob's Pillow Ballet, Myra Kinch and her company, and La Meri. Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 8-11: The Jacob's Pillow Ballet, Ted Shawn, Jean Léon Destiné and his company, and others. (Lee, Mass. Wednesdays at 9, Thursdays at 4, and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. The Festival will continue through Saturday, Sept. 1.)



## NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

**AMBASSADOR,** Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Dancing, except on Sundays, in the elegant sunken Garden to the soothing murmurs of Jules Lande's orchestra at dinner and supper.

**ASTOR ROOF,** Broadway at 44th St. (JU 6-3000)—Sammy Kaye's band provides dance music after eight-thirty in this enormous eyrie. Closed Sundays.

**BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—A covey of violinists appears "under the clock" at cocktail time and on the Cascades Roof (which is closed Sundays) at dinnertime. No dancing anywhere, and not a peep out of the gang on the Day of Rest.

**CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Like many of the old frequenters of the Ritz's Oval Room, Emery Deutsch's musicians are now billeted in the restaurant here, where they make nostalgic dinner music, except on Sundays. No dancing.

**EL MOROCCO,** 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The brass rings for this perpetual merry-go-round are, of course, platinum-plated. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

**NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's an ice show twice an evening. Dance music by Bernie Cummins' band. Closed Sundays.

**PIERRE,** Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Every night, Stanley Worth's quartet plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre.

**PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a reminder of the days when life was more serene, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

**ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Mark Monte and his Continentals are the major source of dance music in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**ST. REGIS,** Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, pink and beautiful as ever, is just a great big heaven on earth, where you can waltz or samba to your heart's content, or simply watch the bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw surf-riding on their moving platforms. Closed Sundays.

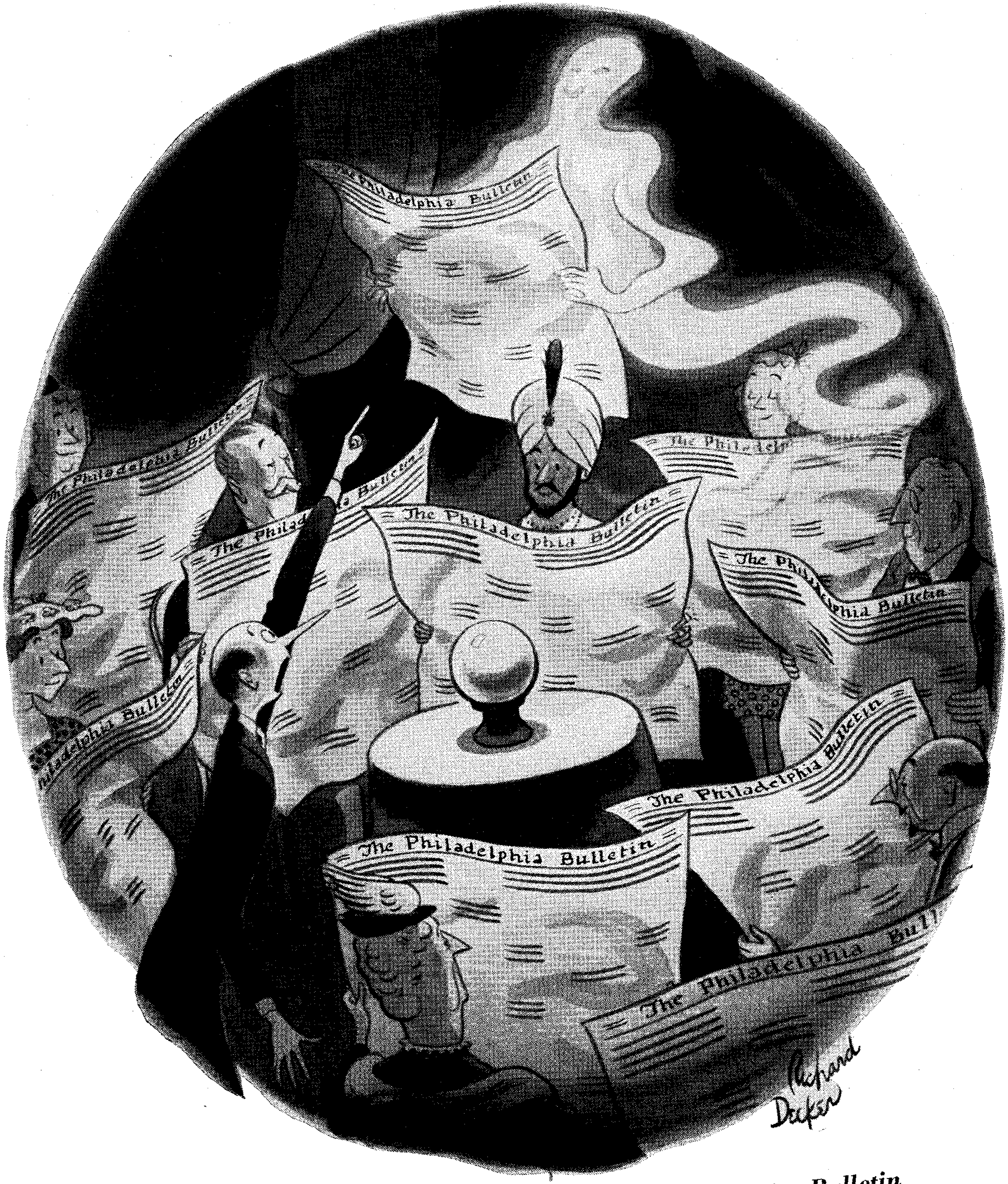
**SAVOY-PLAZA,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to, and at cocktail time Myra Kingsley explains what astrology has in store for them.

**STORK CLUB,** 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Oh, it keeps the kiddies out of the double-feature movie houses. Dance music by an orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Sundays.

**TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN,** Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—The quickest way of getting out of town. Weatherman permitting, there's dancing under the trees as well as simple communing with nature.

**VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—It's as peaceful and cool as a bee-laden glade in here except when the rumba music is under way. Emile Petti's and Panchito's bands play for dancing after nine, and Dona Mason sings.

**WALDORF-ASTORIA,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof, there are Frankie Carle's and Mischa Borr's bands for dancing, as well as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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the prancings of Tommy Wonder and Margaret Banks. On Thursday, Aug. 9, Miguelito Valdes, a singer, and his orchestra will replace Mr. Carle and his, and the Hamiltons, a dance trio, will replace Wonder and Banks. Sundays, Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until twelve.

**Note**—The Rainbow Room, a cozy little hideaway the size of Rhode Island, is open for cocktails and listening music by Chico-Relli's trio from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats are in the outfield, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose band has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here after eight-thirty. Phil D'Arcy's trio makes dance music, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A determined throwback to the social habits and concepts of the Noble Experiment. After ten, except Sundays, Ira Brant's trio rattles about the place. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A well-stocked hunting ground for those who love old familiar faces. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): This airy pleasure dome is dedicated principally to the inner man, but it also affords, after nine, Alex Fogarty's pianoforte excursions into the summer-weight classics. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): The bar of this Byzantine boudoir has Harry Meyerowitz doing cocktail, dinner, and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez treats his dinner and supper guests to an absorbing session of guitar strumming and a fair supply of byplay. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney's extremely pleasant piano recital begins about nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey addresses himself to the local Steinway at dinner and supper, except Sundays.

### BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

**CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): The Weavers, one small happy family, bring juke-box folk music to a new high. Terry Gibbs' industrious band chips in with a nice background for them, and Cliff Jackson, one of the district's oldest inhabitants, is still the interlude pianist. . . . **RIVIERA**, Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Mary McCarty, a truly handsome plunging fullback, romps through some pretty funny skits. There's a lot more show, too, not all of it as good as the upper-deck view of the G. Washington Bridge. On Thursday, Aug. 9, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy, whose sense of humor is also well above average, take over. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Through Saturday, Aug. 4, Joe Frisco, one of our leading money-losing racing stables, will tell his admirers his wonderful tale of woe. François and Giselle Szony provide some picturesque and agile adagio work.

### SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

**BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, Eadie and Rack's brilliant meditations at their twin pianos, starting around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Shoshana Damari, a young lady with an arresting voice, and Orson Bean, a young commentator with a quiet but invigorating feeling for the ridiculous. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays real gone dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Oliver Wakefield, dropping some humorous remarks. There's also double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies Sunday nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer is in her nest just over the rowdydow Show Spot bar, singing her praises of the world's oldest emotion. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Through Sunday, Aug. 5, Mae Barnes, in a voice heard 'round the world, will shred a few foolish lyrics, and her old consorts—Norene Tate and Garland Wilson—will play piano and/or sing. Jimmy Komack and Martin Burns, authors of lighthearted nonsense, will depart the same day. The room will be closed Monday, Aug. 6, and next evening Alberta Hunter, who sings, and Eugene Fields' instrumental trio will arrive. On Thursday, Aug. 9, or thereabouts, Alice Ghostley and G. Wood will return with their frivolous ballads, and Jimmie Daniels, the head man, will take a holiday.

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### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

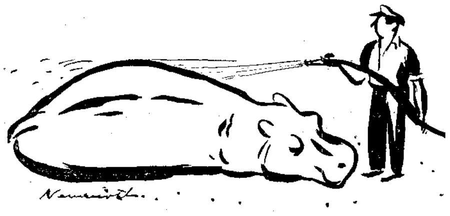
(No dancing, unless noted.)

**EDDIE CONDON'S**, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Hot applications every hour by Wild Bill Davison, assisted by Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer bedlam. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo-piano work, a fine demonstration of fifty-finger exercises. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Utter bliss is the mood induced by Bobby Hackett's peppery sextet (Vic Dickenson and Gene Sedric are also involved) and the quiet intricacies of Red Norvo's trio (Tal Farlow on guitar and Charles Mingus on bass). Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is making the noise here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, aided by Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Benny Waters, Tommy Benford, and Dick Wellstood, is in residence. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): You can't always be sure what's what around here, but the bands of Lester Young and Dizzy Gillespie and the team of Oscar Peterson (piano) and Ray Brown (bass) should be ragging the blues at the moment. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rent parties are still going on. On Aug. 3 the main contestants in the high-pressure division will be Peewee Russell (a voice out of the past), Wild Bill Davison, Bud Freeman, Max Kaminsky, Bob Haggart, Yank Lawson, Ray McKinley, and who could ask for anything more? . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-night barbecue, this week (Aug. 3) offering such nourishing vitamins as Billy Butterfield, Jack Lesberg, Willie the Lion Smith, Big Chief Russell Moore, and Conrad Janis's jazz band. Dancing.

### DINNER IN THE COUNTRY

(Places to dine while out motoring. Telephoning ahead is always wise; a few places insist on it. No dancing, unless noted.)

**BANKSVILLE, N.Y.**: La Crémaillère (Bedford Village 4-9311); closed Mondays. . . . **BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Sejour (HIcksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CITY ISLAND, N.Y.**: Lobster Box (CIty Island 8-1952). . . . ¶ Ryan's (CIty Island 8-9807); dancing on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Thwaite's (CIty Island 8-1023); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.**: Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.**: Rothmann's Inn (OYster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.**: Boni's Inn (Beacon 167); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.**: Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.**: Swan Club (ROslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.**: Tordo's (WHite Plains 8-0597). . . . **HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: René's (Huntington 4-2309); closed Tuesdays. . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Mori's (GReat Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.**: Nino's (POrt Washington 7-1604); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Riviera (POrt Washington 7-0354); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Stonehenge (Ridgefield 6-6511); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 6-7628). . . . ¶ Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 6-7613). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.**: Blue Spruce Inn (ROslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Frank Friede's Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Mont d'Or Inn (Smithtown 1997); closed Mondays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Villa Victor (SYosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.**: Tappan Hill (TArrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.**: Westbury Manor (WEstbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Red Barn (Westport 2-9883); closed Tuesdays.



## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES

**Daumier and Delacroix**—A compact, well-selected array of oils, water colors, and other works by these two nineteenth-century contemporaries. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 28.)

**The Sea**—Marine paintings by Frederick J. Waugh, Gordon Grant, Alphonse J. Shelton, and others. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.; through Aug. 31.)

**Group Shows**—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Canvases by such Americans as Hassam, Inness, and Ryder, of the nineteenth century, and Sol Wilson, Will Barnet, and Henry Botkin, of the twentieth; through Aug. 31. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 65 E. 57th St.: Milton Avery, Jimmy Ernst, Peter Grippe, José de Rivera, and others, in an exhibition of paintings, small sculptures, and prints; through Sept. 7. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Americans, among them Marin, Zorach, and Shahn; through Aug. 17. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Summer is the theme of paintings by such members of the gallery as William Glackens, John Sloan, and Louis Bouché; through Sept. 7. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, including Childe Hassam, Ernest Lawson, and Stephen Etnier; through Sept. 28. . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oils by Paul Klee, Randall Morgan, Max Beckmann, and other moderns; through Aug. 31. . . . **NEW GALLERY**, 63 W. 44th St.: Seong Moy, Adja Yunkers, and others are featured here in a display of prints. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 10 to 4; through Aug. 18. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Oils by Morris Davidson, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, J. M. Hanson, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Oils by French and American artists, including

Picasso, Braque, Max Weber, and Karl Knaths; through Aug. 31. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 32 E. 57th St.: The gallery's annual exhibition called "Fact and Fantasy," which this year comprises paintings by Ben-Zion, Alfred H. Maurer, Ary Stillman, and others; through Aug. 31. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: A selection of pieces, in various materials, by Hugo Robus, Leo Amino, Cleo Hartwig, José de Creeft, and others. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10; through Aug. 31.

**OPENING THIS WEEK**—A group show of water colors at the Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through Aug. 15.

### MUSEUMS

**BROOKLYN MUSEUM,** Eastern Parkway—Prints of Parisian scenes and personalities by Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Dufy, Villon, and other French artists; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Japanese prints and paintings, mainly by nineteenth-century artists; through Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**METROPOLITAN MUSEUM,** Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventy of Winslow Homer's water colors, drawings, and prints. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 16.)

**MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.—The major summer show is an exhibition of works lent by five private collectors: Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Odets (twenty-one Klees), Mr. and Mrs. John L. Senior, Jr. (twelve Mondrians), Mr. and Mrs. John Hay Whitney and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Colin (well-known modern French artists), and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller III (American abstractionists and European sculptors). (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through Sept. 12.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

**ANDOVER, MASS.** Addison Gallery of American Art: A hundred student works selected from twenty-five professional art schools and college art departments. (Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5; through Sept. 23.) . . . **BLUE HILL, MAINE.** Rowantrees Pavilion: Pictures of summer flowers by Kuniyoshi, William Brice, and others. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30; Sundays, noon to 6; through Aug. 14.) . . . **CANAAN, N.Y.** The Berkshire Art Center: Contemporary American artists, among them Hopper, Marsh, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and Sol Wilson. (Daily, 2:30 to 6; through Sept. 3.) . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.** Guild Hall: A show called "Frankly Romantic," comprising paintings by Walter Stuempfig, Alexander Brook, Julian Levi, and other Americans, along with an educational display on van Gogh. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Aug. 7.) . . . **ESSEX, CONN.** Essex Art Association: Two painters, Henrik Mayer and Fuller Potter, and a sculptor, Henry Kreis. (Daily, 1 to 5; starting Aug. 6.) . . . **HARTFORD, CONN.** Wadsworth Atheneum: A showing of about fifty paintings, sculptures, and prints, all done by New England artists. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Sept. 2.) . . . **MANCHESTER, VT.** Southern Vermont Art Center: An exhibition of Old Masters. (Daily, 2 to 8; through Aug. 10.) . . . **MYSTIC, CONN.** Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others, in the second part of the Association's twenty-seventh Annual. (Weekdays, 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30; through Sept. 3.) . . . **NEWPORT, R.I.** Art Association of Newport: Solo shows by Jean de Botton, Florence Peers, and James D. Herbert. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Aug. 12.) . . . **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Among the contributors to the large exhibition here are Ernest Fiene, Chris Ritter, and Edward Betts. (Weekdays, 10 to noon and 1 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30; starting Aug. 5.) . . . **OLD LYME, CONN.** Lyme Art Association: Fiftieth annual summer show of oils, plus some pastels, water colors, prints, and drawings. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; through Aug. 19.) . . . **PITTSFIELD, MASS.** Berkshire Museum: Sketches and pen-and-ink drawings by the late Charles Dana Gibson, along with a memorial showing of works by E. Barnard Lintott. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Aug. 31.) . . . **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** Provincetown Art Association: A mixed-mediums exhibition by Hans Hofmann, George Biddle, Karl Knaths, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6 and 7 to 10; starting Aug. 5.) . . . **ROCKLAND, MAINE.** William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: The current fare here includes a

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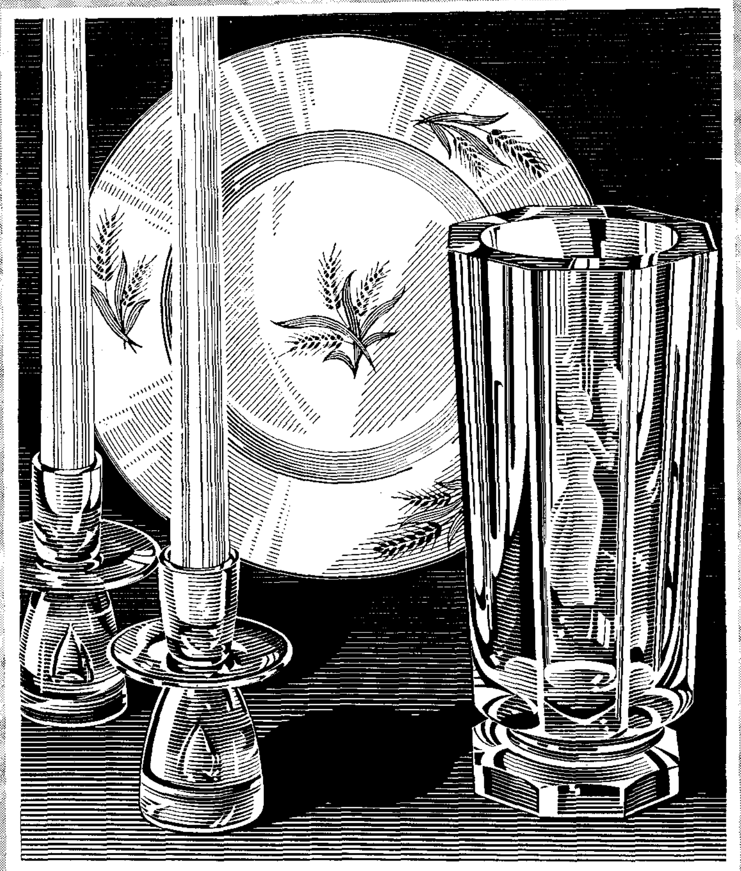

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

group of water colors by Maine artists and a collection of oils and water colors by William Thon. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: The second part of a jury show of works by Gifford Beal, Ted Kautzky, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 3 to 6; starting Aug. 4.)

## MUSIC

**Stadium Concerts**—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, Aug. 2: Alexander Smallens conducting, with the Ballet Theatre presenting "Theme and Variations," "Interplay," "The Black Swan: Pas de Deux," and "Les Sylphides." . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 4: Salvatore Dell'Isola conducting a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Marguerite Piazza, soprano; Robert Weede, baritone; and Earl William, tenor. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 6: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 7: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Carl Stern, cello. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 8: Alexander Smallens conducting, with Ezio Pinza, bass. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St., AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Bldg., 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of rain, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

**Juilliard Concerts**—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 2: Joyce Flissler, violin, and David Garvey, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 7: Robert Hufstader directing the Juilliard Summer Chorus. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 8: Vernon de Tar, organ. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9: The Juilliard String Quartet. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. All concerts at 4. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 33.)

**Goldman Band**—Edwin Franko Goldman conducting the last in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

### IN THE COUNTRY

**Berkshire Festival**—Final performances of the season by the Boston Symphony—Thursday, Aug. 2, and Saturday, Aug. 4, at 8:15: Charles Münch conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 5, at 3: Eleazar de Carvalho conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8:15: Leonard Bernstein conducting, with Adele Addison, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; David Lloyd, tenor; and James Pease, bass. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10, at 6: The annual "Tanglewood on Parade" program, including a concert by the Boston Symphony, conducted by Charles Münch and Leonard Bernstein, and performances by the various student departments. For the benefit of the Berkshire Music Center. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:15, and Sunday, Aug. 12, at 3: Charles Münch conducting; no soloists. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

**Music Mountain**—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4; through Sept. 2.)

**South Mountain**—Saturday, Aug. 4: The Juilliard String Quartet. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 6: The Zimbler Sinfonietta, with Leonard Bernstein, piano. A benefit for the United Cerebral Palsy Associations of Massachusetts. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 10: The New Music String Quartet. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. All concerts at 4. For information about tickets, write to the South Mountain Association, Pittsfield.)

**Elisabeth Schumann**—Soprano, in two lieder recitals. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 2-3, at 2:30.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, Aug. 2, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 3, at 1:30 (doubleheader); Saturday, Aug. 4, at 2; and Sunday, Aug. 5, at 2:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Monday, Aug. 6, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 8-9, at 2:30. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 8:30, and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 8-9, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Boston, Friday, Aug. 10, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 11, at 1:30. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, Aug. 10, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 11, at 1:30.

**Golf**—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 2-5.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Pelham Country Club, Pelham Manor. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 9-11.)

**Motorboat Racing**—National Sweepstakes. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 11-12.)

**Polo**—Sundays at 3:30—BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Westbury.

**Racing**—SARATOGA AT JAMAICA: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Merchants and Citizens Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 4. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday and Friday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 8. The Choice, Saturday, Aug. 4. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:25, and Saturday at 11:55. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11:15; it is met by buses for the track.) . . . SARATOGA SPRINGS: Weekdays at 2:30, from Monday, Aug. 6, through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Flash, Monday, Aug. 6; the Wilson, Tuesday, Aug. 7; the Test, Friday, Aug. 10; and the United States Hotel and the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 11.

**Tennis**—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Through Sunday, Aug. 5.) . . . ¶ United States vs. Mexico, in the second round of the American Zone Davis Cup eliminations. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 3-5.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 6-12.)

**Trotting**—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 22. (Trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:49 and 7:04.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 25. . . . GOOD TIME TRACK, Goshen, N.Y. Daily at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 6, through Friday, Aug. 10. The Hambletonian, Wednesday, Aug. 8.

**Yachting**—Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 4, through Sunday, Aug. 12.)

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations**—At Flushing Meadow, Mondays through Fridays, the Security Council, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly hold occasional meetings to which the public is admitted. For information about tickets and transportation, call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, the day before you want to go. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

**Bird Cages**—An exhibition that runs the gamut from tenement to palace, with even a few live residents. Many of the cages—there are about forty, dating from 1714 to the present—reflect various phases of architecture in different countries, with designs ranging from a Swiss chalet to a Venetian bridge. (Cooper Union, Cooper Square at 7th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; through Aug. 31.)

●

**Note**—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens,

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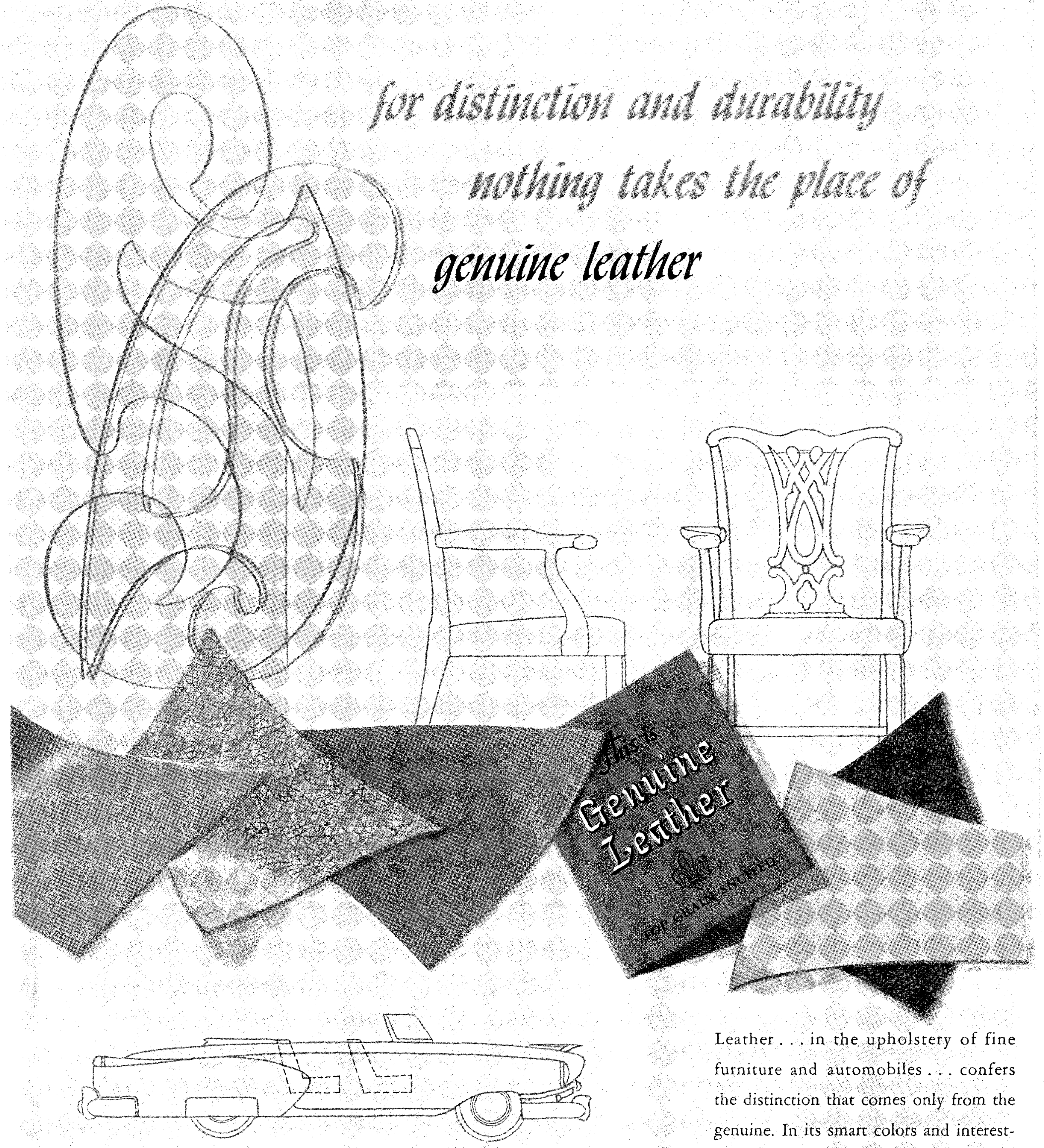

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers are being opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

## COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

**Baseball**—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Aug. 17-19, Sept. 5-9, Sept. 11, and Sept. 13-18. . . . **EBBETS FIELD:** Aug. 12-13, Aug. 21-30, Sept. 3, and Sept. 5-9. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Aug. 12-16, Aug. 21-22, Aug. 24-30, and Sept. 1-3.

**Boxing**—Joey Maxim vs. Bob Murphy, 15 rounds, for the World Light Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Aug. 22.) . . . ¶ Kid Gavilan vs. Billy Graham, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Aug. 29.) . . . ¶ Randy Turpin, of England, vs. Ray Robinson, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Polo Grounds. Sept. 12.)

**Dog Show**—Westchester Kennel Club. (Rye. Sept. 9.)

**Golf**—Long Island Golf Association Open Championship. (Plandome Golf Club, Plandome. Aug. 16-17.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Sleepy Hollow Country Club, Scarborough-on-Hudson. Aug. 21-22.) . . . ¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, and Wheatley Hills Golf Club, East Williston. Aug. 28.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Saucon Valley Country Club, Bethlehem, Pa. Sept. 10-15.)

**Horse Shows**—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Sept. 1-3.) . . . ¶ North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook, L.I. Sept. 6-8.) . . . ¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Syosset. Sept. 9.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Sept. 13-15.)

**Motorboat Racing**—Albany-New York Outboard Marathon, Aug. 19. . . . ¶ Around Manhattan, for the Harwood Trophy, Sept. 9.

**Racing**—At Aqueduct, Sept. 3-22.

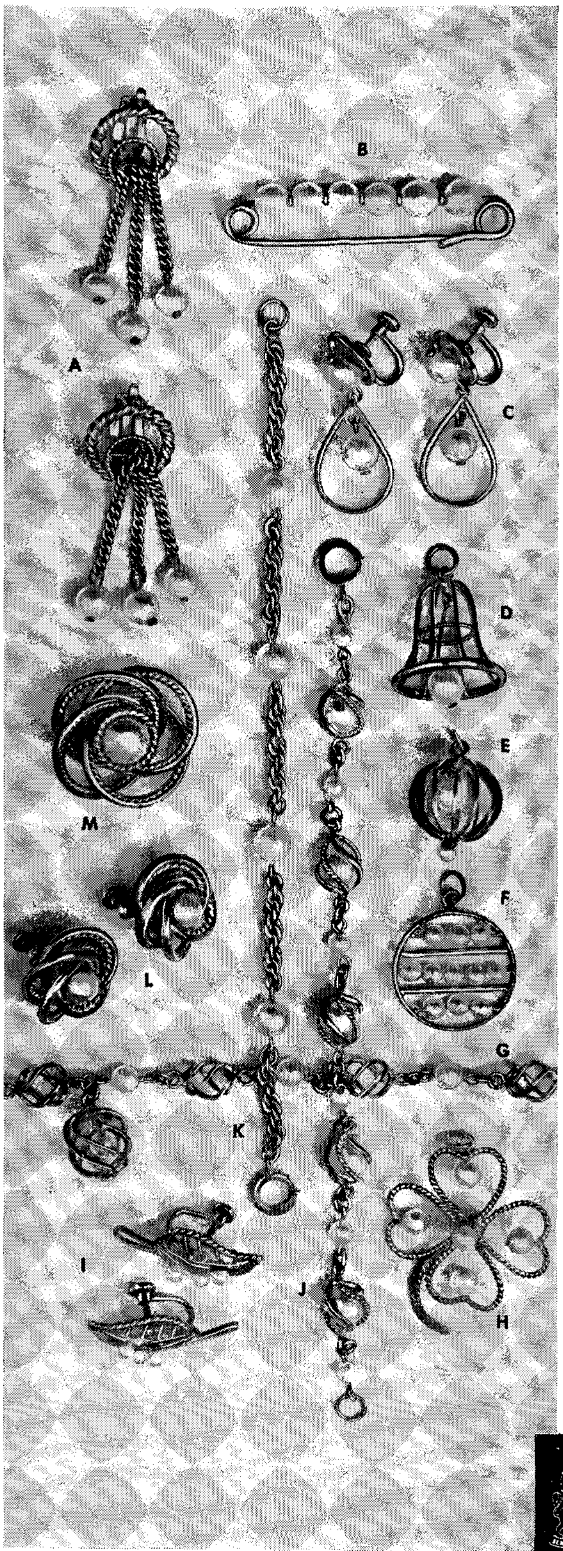
**Tennis**—U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Aug. 13-19.) . . . ¶ Wightman Cup Matches. (Longwood Cricket Club. Aug. 24-25.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 25-Sept. 3.)

**Trotting**—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Aug. 15-28. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Sept. 10-Oct. 13.

**Yachting**—Hyannis Yacht Club Regatta. (Hyannis, Mass. Aug. 17-18.) . . . ¶ New Bedford Yacht Club Regatta. (New Bedford, Mass. Aug. 17-18.) . . . ¶ Manhasset Bay Race Week. (Manhasset. Sept. 5-9.)

**Ballet**—New York City Ballet Company, at the City Center, Sept. 4-23.

**Other Dates**—Salzburg Festival, Salzburg, Austria; through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ International Festival of Music and Drama, Edinburgh, Scotland; Aug. 19-Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Mineola Fair, Sept. 11-16.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

**Bitter Rice**—A violent Italian picture about the way the lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley conduct themselves, in and out of the fields. Silvana Mangano is superb as the steamiest of the workers. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747; through Aug. 5.)

**The Brave Bulls**—Mel Ferrer as a melancholy bullfighter whose state of mind reaches such depths that he has a hard time thinking about anything but going to heaven on a horn. His brooding may prove tiresome, but you may enjoy some of the bullfighting scenes. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; through Aug. 3. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Aug. 3-4. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Aug. 8.)

**Bright Victory**—The problems of the blind—in this case, the military blind—and their intimates, capably interpreted by Arthur Kennedy and Peggy Dow. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

**The Emperor's Nightingale**—A charming adaptation of the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale, in which hundreds of handsome dolls act out the pretty fable. A Czechoslovakian film, with a commentary written by Phyllis McGinley and delivered by Boris Karloff. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

**The Frogmen**—An undersea trip with some swimmers representing a U.S. Navy demolition team in action in the Pacific during the last war. There are fine shots of these sailors tooling around beneath the waves, and the film is pleasantly free of romantic hokum. Richard Widmark, Gary Merrill, and Dana Andrews. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Aug. 6-8.)

**Kon-Tiki**—Films taken during a journey from Peru to Polynesia on a primitive raft. Stimulating material, accompanied by a witty, informative narrative written and spoken by Thor Heyerdahl, who was headman on the voyage. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

**The Mudlark**—A picture concerning a poverty-stricken lad who visits Windsor Castle and cures Queen Victoria of the megrims that have afflicted her since noble Albert passed away. Irene Dunne makes a very stiff Victoria, but Andrew Ray is delightful as the boy. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Aug. 7.)

**Show Boat**—Around the bend again. Maybe not up to some of its predecessors but pleasant nevertheless. With Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

**Strangers on a Train**—A Hitchcock film that doesn't travel as fast as some he's directed in the past but that displays enough of his ingenuity with a camera to interest one sporadically. Murder, love, lunacy, and tennis are among the ingredients of the plot. With Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through Aug. 7.)

**Tales of Hoffmann**—An overblown British treatment of the famous opera, danced by one group onscreen, sung by another off, and filmed against preposterous sets. With Robert Rounseville, Leonide Massine, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Robert Helpmann. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

### REVIVALS

**The Affair Blum** (1949)—A German picture depicting the effect of Hitler's racial nonsense on Munich in 1926. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 7.)

**Alexander Nevsky** (1938)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

**All the King's Men** (1949)—An adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel having to do with a politician very similar to the late Huey Long. With Broderick Crawford. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Aug. 2.)

**The Awful Truth** (1937)—Foolishness about divorce. With Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 7.)

**The Bridge of San Luis Rey** (1944)—A screen version of Thornton Wilder's novel. With Lynn Bari and Francis Lederer. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Aug. 7.)

**Chapayev** (1935)—Russian melodrama of a minor revolutionary hero. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 2.)

**Confessions of a Model** (1938)—Cinderella stuff. Danielle Darrieux and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Formerly called "The Rage of Paris." (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 8.)

**Dark Waters** (1944)—Creepy doings in the Louisiana bayou country. Merle Oberon and Franchot Tone. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Aug. 8.)

**Day of Wrath** (1948)—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century. A Danish production, directed by Carl Dreyer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

**Dead of Night** (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

**The Devil and Daniel Webster** (1941)—Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, and Anne Shirley in Stephen Vincent Benét's Faustian fable of New Hampshire in the eighteen-forties. Formerly called "All That Money Can Buy." (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Aug. 2.)

**Farrebique** (1948)—A French study of farm life, with a cast of French peasants. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 6.)

**Great Expectations** (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Aug. 2.)

**It Happened One Night** (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 2.)

**Johnny Belinda** (1948)—Jane Wyman as a deaf-mute, and Lew Ayres as a charitable young doctor. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Aug. 2.)

**Mr. Deeds Goes to Town** (1936)—The Capra comedy concerning a fellow with too much money. Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Aug. 4, tentative. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Aug. 5-6.)

**Open City** (1946)—An account of the operations of the Roman underground. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

**The Quiet One** (1949)—The documentary story of a tragic young colored boy in Harlem. Made in Manhattan by a group of amateurs. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 8.)

**The Rocking Horse Winner** (1950)—About a small boy who picks race-track winners while riding a rocking horse in his nursery. A British picture, taken from a D. H. Lawrence story, and with John Howard Davies, John Mills, and Valerie Hobson. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Aug. 5-6.)

**Saints and Sinners** (1949)—The Abbey Players gallivanting around a modern Irish town. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 6-7.)

**Shoe-Shine** (1947)—Street children in Rome. An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 5.)

**The Talk of the Town** (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 2.)

**Theodora Goes Wild** (1936)—A lady writes a best-seller. Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Aug. 4.)

**The Woman of Dolwyn** (1949)—Excitement in a doomed Welsh village. A British picture, with Edith Evans and Emlyn Williams. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 6-7.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—Through Aug. 5, with showings at 3 and 5:30: Early films—French, Swedish, and American—in retrospect, spanning the period from about 1900 to 1939. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 6, with showings at 3: "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, and Constance Talmadge. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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## THE BROADWAY AREA

### FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Happy Go Lovely," David Niven, Vera-Ellen.

**Bijou**, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
**TALES OF HOFFMANN.**

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Aug. 7 (tentative): "Rich, Young and Pretty," Jane Powell, Vic Damone.
From Aug. 8 (tentative): "The Law and the Lady," Greer Garson, Michael Wilding.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"Alice in Wonderland," a full-length Walt Disney film.

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Aug. 2: "Ace in the Hole," Kirk Douglas, Jan Sterling.
From Aug. 3: "The Secret of Convict Lake," Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney.

**Holiday**, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
Through Aug. 7: "Comin' Round the Mountain," Abbott and Costello.
From Aug. 8: "Tomorrow Is Another Day," Ruth Roman, Steve Cochran.

**Mayfair**, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Alice in Wonderland," a film with a cast of puppets, along with a couple of genuine actors, including Carol Marsh, Pamela Brown, and Felix Aylmer.

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
**SHOW BOAT.**

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"That's My Boy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

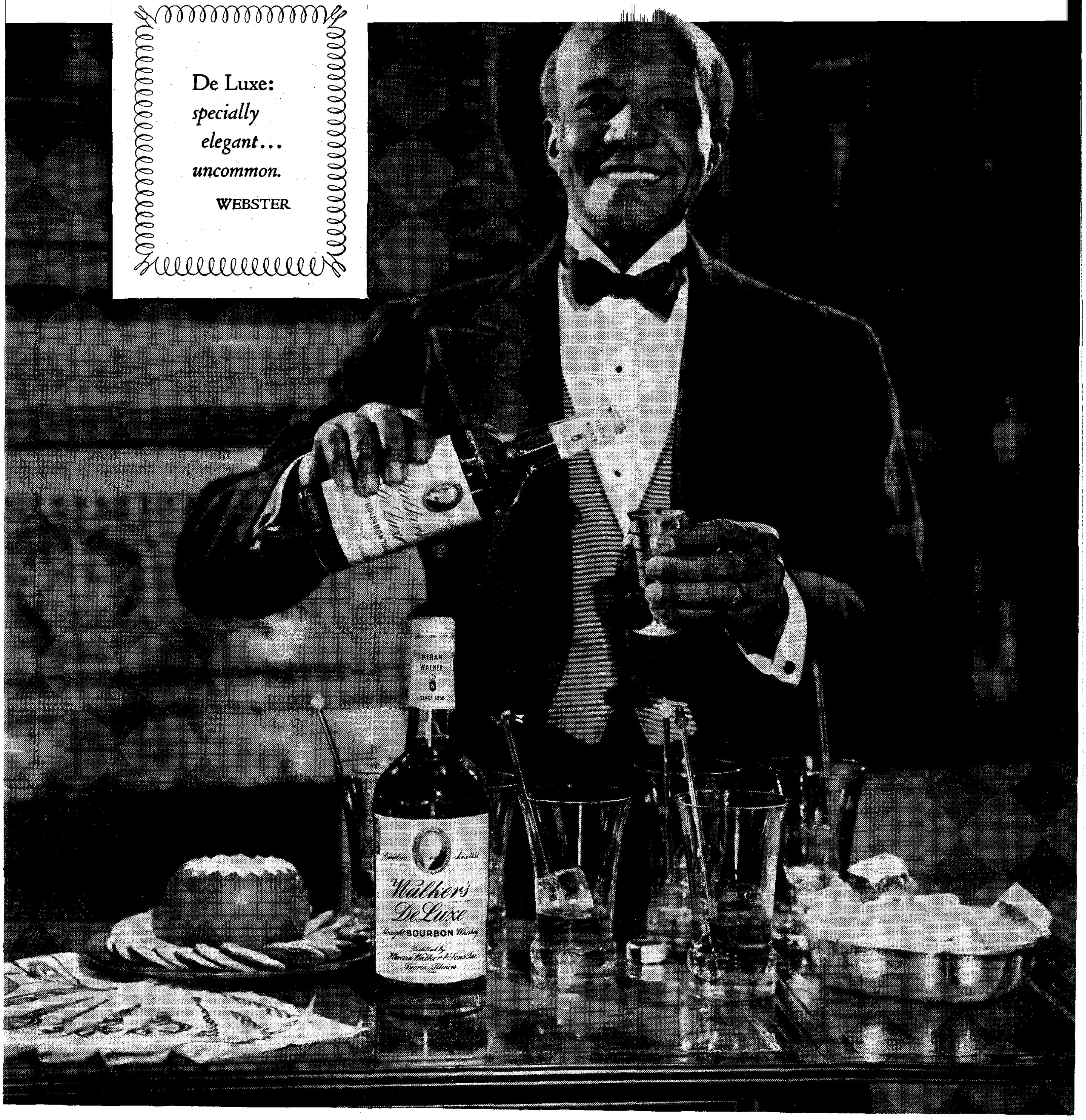
**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell," Clifton Webb, Hugh Marlowe.

**State**, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Francis Goes to the Races," Donald O'Connor, Piper Laurie.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
**BRIGHT VICTORY.**

**Warner**, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Through Aug. 8 (tentative): "On Moonlight Bay," Gordon MacRae, Doris Day.

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Through Aug. 5: **BITTER RICE** (in Italian).
From Aug. 6: "Women Without Names" (in four languages), Simone Simon, Françoise Rosay, Valentina Cortesa.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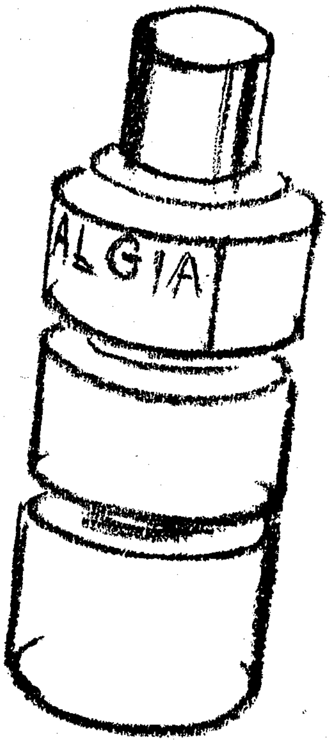

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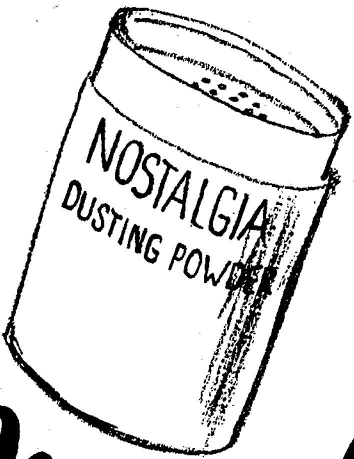

**Germaine Monteil**

THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

Equal Justice Under the Law Note: The local hearings of the Tax Court of the United States are held in Room 5050 of the Grand Central Terminal Building.

THE plan to cut off Secretary Acheson's salary is an interesting idea, but it should be followed through to its logical conclusion. Mr. Acheson's salary should be cut off, according to Representative John Phillips (R., Calif.), because he, Acheson, is incompetent. By the same token, Mr. Phillips' salary should be cut off, as punishment for sponsoring legislation that is almost certainly unconstitutional—a clear sign of incompetence in a legislator. And if Phillips' salary is going to be cut off, it would be advisable to cut off the salaries of all the California voters who voted for him, to teach them a lesson in civics and bring them up short for sending an incompetent man to Congress. Furthermore, if Acheson should turn out to be an incompetent Secretary of State instead of a good one (as history may demonstrate), then *our* salary should be cut off, for writing this incompetent paragraph. And by that time, probably everybody's salary would have been cut off, all down the line, and the country would be relieved of the onerous business of salary-paying, and we would all be enjoying a far simpler life, with nothing coming in and nothing going out, and the highest level of incompetence ever reached anywhere.

## *Real Wild*

THE drummer with Duke Ellington's band, which just finished an engagement at the Paramount Theatre (we are mysteriously preoccupied with the Paramount these days), is a slender, dark-haired, dark-browed, intensely buoyant young man named Louis Bellson. Bellson, who is twenty-seven, has been described here and there as the coolest drummer alive ("cool" being, of course, the current word for "hot" in musical terminology), so we thought we'd better find out more about him. He is, we discovered when we called on him in his room at the Piccadilly Hotel one afternoon between shows, ambidextrous; the inventor of the Gretsch-Bellson stick-brush combination; an orchestra arranger; the designer of Gretsch-Bellson drumsticks; the composer of "Skin Deep," "The Hawk Talks," and "Ting-a-Ling," among other numbers; and the author of several articles on the "finger system" of drumming and a two-volume text on drumming methods, called "The Musical Drummer." In the fall, he told us, David Gornston Publications will bring out another of his books—"The Heart of Drumming." Bellson, who is one of two white musicians in Ellington's band, said that the majority of well-known dance-band drummers use the finger system, in which the fingers, rather than the arms, carry most of the muscular load. "You can hit harder, play faster, and play longer," he said earnestly. "Some teachers stick with the old 'rudimental system,' the old 'rabbit grip,' but any finger-system man can play rings around them. A dance-band drummer who uses just his arms and wrists is bound to get worn out. I'm figuring out a way to apply principles of the finger system to hitting the bass drum with the foot, but your ankle doesn't seem to work like your hand."

Bellson uses *two* bass drums, an idea he got when he was in junior high school, in Rock Island, Illinois, and saw consummated in 1946. "A Chicago instrument firm told me I was crazy," he said, "but I knew I wasn't getting a big enough sound from just one drum and just one high-hat cymbal. So they built me a set with two drums, and the next year I went to the Gretsch Company, in Brooklyn, and *they* built me one. In about a year, I'm going to have Gretsch build me a drum set with four bass drums, three snare drums, four tomtoms on top of the bass drums, four more on stands, two high-hat cymbals, and a cowbell. Right now, I'm working on a musical arrangement that will make use of all of them. It's playing something very similar to melody along with the rest of the orchestra, as well as beating out rhythm. My theory is that drum solos get kind of monotonous to listen to unless you tell a story—which means you have to have more varied sounds. It'll be real wild."

Bellson has been playing the drums since he was six years old. When he was five, his father, who plays the guitar (without a pick) and runs a music store in Moline, Illinois, outfitted him with a xylophone, but after a year of lessons young Bellson decided he didn't want to devote all his time to that instrument and asked for a snare drum. He believes his request was inspired by a Memorial Day parade he saw in Peoria in 1929. In any case, his father presented him with a snare drum, gave him lessons, and got a drum teacher named Bert Wynans to give him additional instruction. He's been taking lessons ever since—in harmony and on the xylophone, as well as on the drums—except when road trips with bands have prevented him. In New York he studies with Saul Goodman, of the Philharmonic; in Chicago he studies with Roy Knapp, of the Roy C. Knapp School of Percussion; and in California he studies with Murray Spivack, the chief sound technician of Twentieth Century-Fox. When he can, he practices drumming two hours a day, visiting a music store for that purpose, whatever town he's in; when he's got just a few minutes, he practices in a hotel room on a rubber practice pad.

While attending high school, Bellson won local drumming contests three years running, and then came to New York and won a Gene Krupa contest for the country's best drummer under eighteen. After the Krupa contest, he sat in with Ted Fio Rito's band one night when it was in Moline, and Fio Rito hired him. Later, he spent a year in Benny Goodman's band. He was drafted in 1943, and, as a technician fourth grade, played in the Walter Reed Hospital concert band, the Walter Reed Hospital orchestra, and the 304th Army Service Forces Sextet. Out again, he played another year with Benny Goodman, three and a half years with Tommy Dorsey, and a year with Harry James. He left James' band for Ellington's, he informed us, because he thought he'd be allowed to experiment more with sounds. "You know how the Duke is," he said. "With him, everything's got to be different. We're working now on something real wild—Billy Strayhorn and myself. The saxophones are going to hold rosewood plates in their left hand and hit them with bamboo sticks. The trombones are going to hit two rosewood sticks together. The trumpets are going to hit two bamboo sticks. I'm going to use special drumsticks, with tambourine jingles in them. The Duke will play piano and the bass will play bass. We don't know what to call it yet, but it will be a new sound."

Bellson, who opens doors with his left hand and can kick with either foot, throw with either hand, write with either hand, and use scissors with either hand, said he got the idea for the stick-brush combination when he was playing with Dorsey. "In ballads," he said, "when you switch from brushes to sticks, there's a lost place in the beat while you're changing over. You feel the sound emptying out. With the stick-brush combination, you just flip it over with a turn of your wrist and you're all set."

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**F**AR EASTERN INTELLIGENCE: The *Marxian Way*, a Calcutta quarterly, has changed its name to the *Humanist Way*.

## *Premature Shopper*

**M**AN window-shopping the other afternoon, having noticed some unusual neckties at Arnold Constable, stepped in and asked a saleslady if he might inspect them. "I knew this would happen!" she exclaimed, with exasperation. "They won't be in stock for at least two weeks. I *told* the management when they were put in the window, 'If you put them out there, sure as fate we'll have someone come in and want to *buy* some!' "

## *Within the Law*

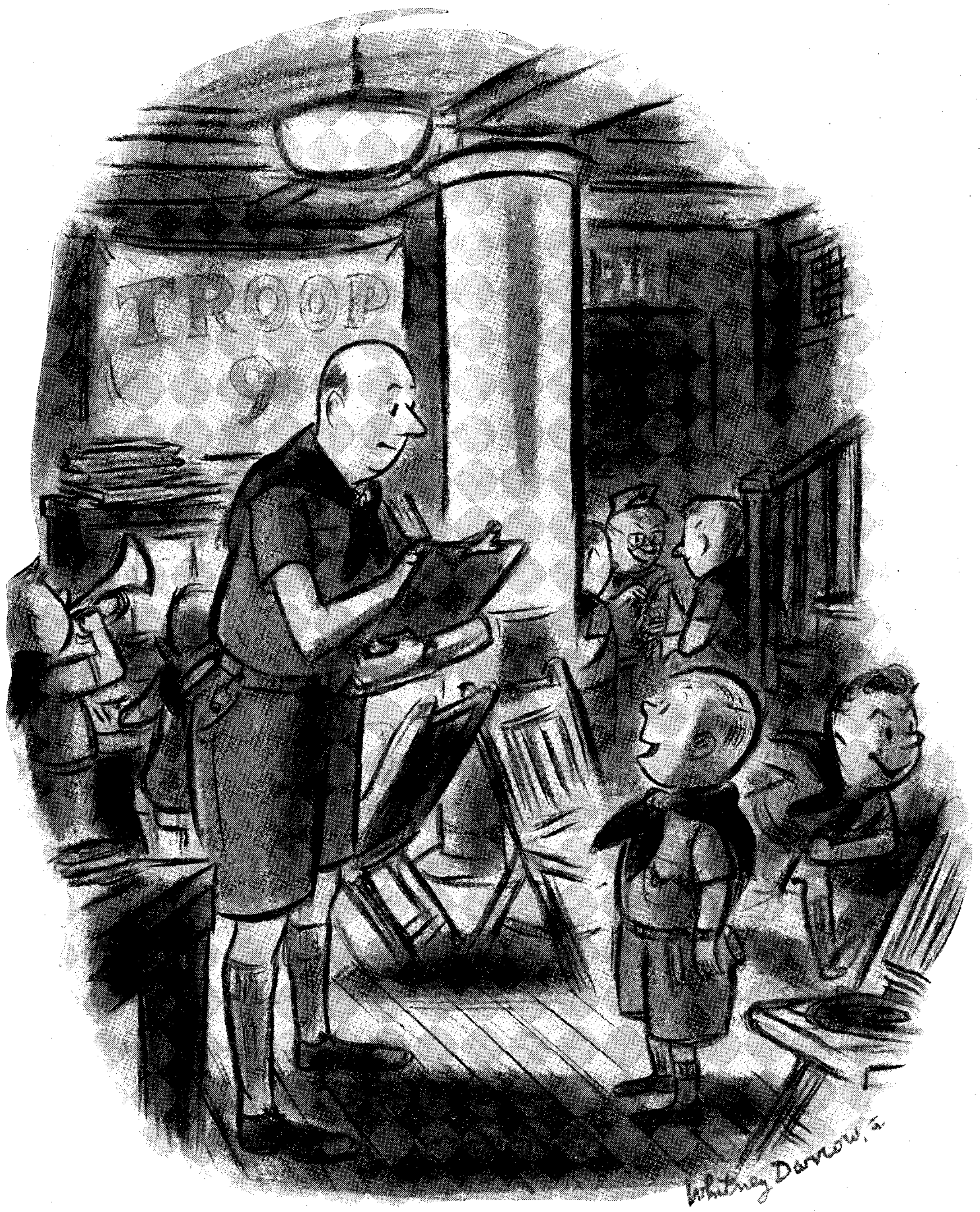
**W**HEN a guest registers at the Waldorf, he is handed a card advising him how to secure his door ("Please lock your door by the thumb-bolt. It is not a spring lock") and where to pick up his key after 11:15 P.M., and giving him other helpful hints on how to adapt to life in a forty-seven-story metropolitan hotel. At the bottom of the card is an emphatic hint in red capital letters: "BEWARE OF UNSCRUPULOUS PHOTOGRAPHERS." The presence of this unexpected and provocative admonition prompted us to make a call on the Protection Department of the hotel, where we had an illuminating talk with one of the department's security officers. The Waldorf, like the Pentagon, has security officers—not, like lesser hostelries, house detectives, or house dicks—and such is the professional reticence and caution of these officials that we had to agree to preserve the anonymity of the one who favored us with an interview. Hence, he will here be known merely as Operative No. 22. It is a specific photography racket that the Waldorf's warning is aimed at, and one that has plagued the management for several years now. The dodge is a very cute one indeed, No. 22 told us, and one that has so far proved impossible to stamp out. "The beautiful part of it is it ain't exactly illegal," he said, and shook his head in reluctant admiration. "These outfits—photo agencies, they call themselves—they operate just inside the line. You can't pin anything definite on them."

No. 22 explained that there are a number of these agencies but that they're all thought to work out of the same premises, a suite in a certain midtown building near the hotel. They get the name of an incoming Waldorf guest, by a method that the Protection Department hasn't yet been able to determine, and go to work on him. Usually, they concentrate on foreigners and visitors from small towns. "The way the racket goes, a photographer at the agency telephones a guest in his room and shoots him a fast line of double-talk," No. 22 said. "The guest gets the idea that his hometown paper, or maybe the hotel magazine, wants a picture of him and that the photographer has some official connection with the hotel, and he says, 'Sure, come on up.' The photographer hops over, takes his pictures, and then comes back with the prints and the suggestion that maybe the guest would like to buy some—at a good stiff price. Of course, most of our guests catch on right there that the thing is a racket and give the guy the heave-ho, but a few timid souls get panicky and think they *have* to buy. One laid out a hundred and ninety skins for half a dozen prints. Nothing we could do about it. He'd handed over the money and he'd got his pictures." No. 22 and his fellow security officers have yet to catch a photographer in the act of misrepresenting himself. "You move in on him and he plays dumb," No. 22 explained. "He says, 'The office sent me here to take pictures is all I know about it.' One time, we got tipped off that one of these outfits is sending a photographer over, so we hide a man in the guest's room. You think that fellow makes a break? Not that one. He just blarneyed. And we got no case unless we can prove misrepresentation."

Having despaired of prosecuting the miscreants, the Waldorf does its best to protect guests by handing new arrivals the printed warning and by chasing unscrupulous-looking photographers off the premises. "We got the high sign on most of them now," No. 22 said. "The other day, I finger one sneaking up in the freight elevator. I tell him I could nab him as a prowler. 'O.K.,' he says, 'I'm gone.' And he went." The Waldorf has been averaging two or three complaints a week from guests whose innocence or vanity has led them to become victims of the racket, and No. 22 figures that at least as many more victims are too embarrassed to complain. Foreigners are especially soft touches, even when they are here on official missions and are enjoying municipal police protection. "Several months ago," No. 22 said, "a crooked photographer gets in and takes pictures of a delegation of Ay-rabs that is staying here. He gives them a good fleecing. The head of the delegation complains and shows us the prints. The city detective that's supposed to be covering the delegation is in full view—sitting right spang in the middle of all those Ay-rabs, grinning his head off."

## *Home Study*

A MANHATTANITE who spent last weekend in Putnam County attended his first square dance, and amazed everyone with his skill and grace. "Learned it all by watching television," he explained.



*"Well, I did and I didn't. I was helping an old lady across the street, but she was sideswiped by a taxicab."*

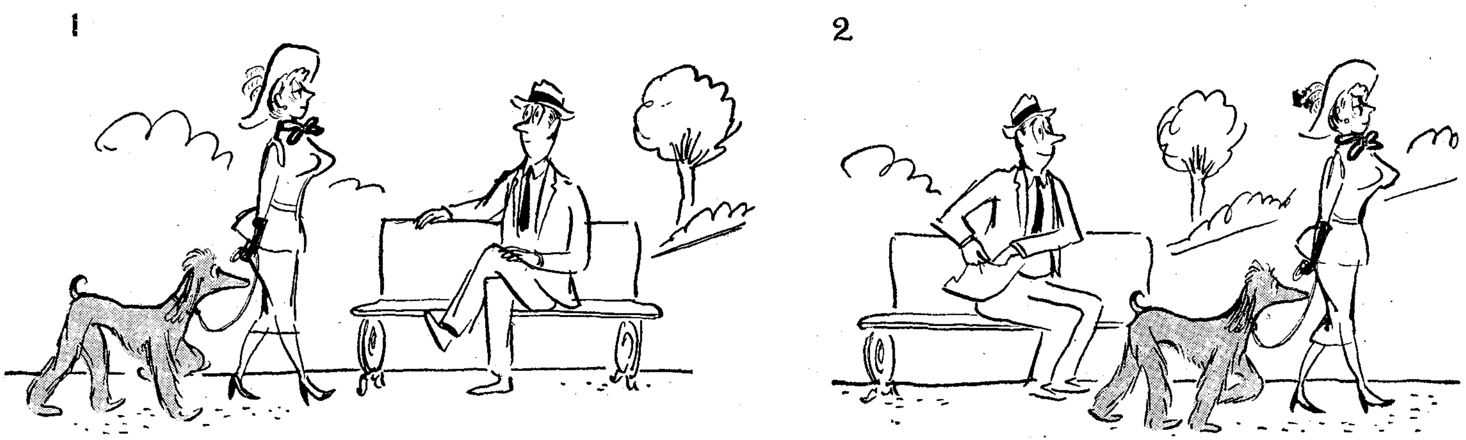
• •

## *Dean*

IN a recent article on Henry Torrance, the eighty-one-year-old refrigeration engineer and athlete, we mentioned his eighty-three-year-old brother, Norman, as a man who still played squash at the Racquet Club. We've since met Norman Torrance, and learned that while he's a member and frequent frequenter of this club, he doesn't play squash there, because, squashwise, the Racquet Club devotes itself exclusively to squash racquets, whereas Torrance is strictly a squash-tennis man. "Squash racquets is a very easy game to play and, in the opinion of most squash-tennis players, a very uninteresting game to watch," he said. "I much prefer squash tennis, both as a participant and as a spectator." He handed us a mimeographed essay, entitled "Squash Tennis" and written by a friend of his. One passage of it read:

> The squash-racquets ball is a small black rubber affair with a bounce that is dead compared to the larger and far livelier inflated ball of squash tennis. . . . To the dyed-in-the-wool squash-tennis player the small semi-solid squash-racquets ball seems lifeless, and a hard-hit shot which in squash tennis would hit the front wall with a satisfying crack and come back like a bullet, in squash racquets merely makes a plop and flattens out along the floor. Moreover in squash tennis the longer bounce brings the side walls and back wall into play repeatedly and creates opportunities for fascinating angle play (as in three-cushion billiards), in which the ball frequently strikes three walls as well as the front. Expert squash racquets, in the opinion of squash-tennis players at least, frequently comes down to a rather monotonous test of endurance in which the rally is won by an eventual error. In squash tennis, on the other hand, a long rally is marked by a much greater variety of shots and more of them are ended by a winning shot or kill.

Mr. Torrance plays squash tennis several times a week at the Columbia University Club; he didn't go to college, but as a member of the Crescent Athletic Club, in Brooklyn, which had to give up its clubhouse in the nineteen-thirties, he belongs to a group that, by paying a fee equal to regular Columbia Club dues, enjoys all membership privileges there other than voting, and in inter-club play he has for five



decades been a familiar figure on the squash-tennis courts of various college and athletic clubs around town. He was chairman of the Ranking Committee of the National Squash Tennis Association (which arranges schedules and runs tournaments in the metropolitan area) before the First World War, served as the Association's secretary from 1919 to 1934, and has been its president ever since—a record. "Squash tennis has slipped like the dickens during my regime," he said. "We're in a bad way, really. But some of the fellows say, 'Norman, if it wasn't for you, the game would have *died*.' Jiminy Christmas, I don't know how many matches I've watched—the number must be way up in the thousands."

Mr. Torrance, a diminutive, well-tailored man with a smart mustache and a roguish eye, was, like his brother, born in Brooklyn and brought up in Tenafly, New Jersey. He went to school in Englewood, and in 1885 became an office boy in an uncle's Manhattan law firm. Six months later, he joined the Wall Street branch of the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corp., and remained there forty-seven years, until, at sixty-five, he was retired. "Bless my soul, I'd rather talk about squash than business," he said, in answer to a bankerish question from us. "I was an office boy at the bank, then went through all the departments—as cashier, accountant, and so on. Our headquarters were in Hong Kong, and we financed the shipment of tea, coffee, spices, and burlap from the Far East. I got the job through my father—he was a tea merchant and had dealings with China." Torrance, a bachelor, lives on Christopher Street. He leaves his apartment around noon every day for a tour of various clubs, where he plays, watches, or discusses squash tennis, has a drink or two, and occasionally, with a critical eye, takes in a game of squash racquets, hard racquets, or court tennis.

The president of the National Squash Tennis Association is of the opinion that squash tennis may be on its way back, and that this favorable turn of events may be in the offing because of his efforts to reintroduce the web-covered ball, formerly an s.-t. fixture. "Spalding stopped making web-covered balls during World War Two and hasn't furnished us with any since," he said, "so we've been using the lawn-tennis ball, which is easier to make but doesn't act properly in the court. I've been trying like Jimmeo to get the web-covered ball back. The Association has got the Ainslie Knitting Machine Company, in Brooklyn, to make covers; we get the hard-rubber cores from Spalding; and Dr. Frederick S. Doscher, of 607 Fifth Avenue, a Princeton Club squash-tennis player, blows them up for us on an inflater in his office. You have to needle the ball hypodermically with compressed air to give it the requisite speed, and it takes two men to do this, so Johnny Jacobs, the head pro at the Harvard Club, helps Doscher blow them up. The inflater does the business in jig time. Johnny and the Doctor have blown up fifty balls for us, and we hope to make the web-covered ball official again next season. We're counting on this to put the game back on its feet."

## *German Culture, New Style*

A FRIEND of ours in Germany, with the Army of Occupation, was interested enough in the illegal-parking counts we conducted a while back to send us a copy of the printed folder that is used by the police of Rothenburg ob der Tauber to deal with English-speaking parking offenders. It's a small four-page pamphlet, printed on extra-heavy paper, and on the outside there's a reproduction of a quite attractive etching of a group of Gothic buildings, with the caption "This is a Geissendoerfer original-etching of the Saint George-Fountain with the Town-Hall." The parking-violation notice is printed inside, and it reads as follows:

Dear Traffic Laws Violator,

Rothenburg ob der Tauber is a nice old town. There is nothing wrong, we trust, with our letting you know that existing traffic laws have to be obeyed here, too. We are sorry to tell you that you unknowingly violated such regulations whereby you caused the police to issue this little warning—which it is, after all—to you.

Don't feel bad about it, please, and enjoy your days in our beautiful town of Rothenburg ob der Tauber just the same. We merely wish to ask you with your kind favor to observe existing traffic regulations which were also made for your own protection in this town, too.

Very respectfully yours,
(Signature illegible)
*Chief of Police*

## *Summer Show*

THE Cooper Union Museum, long a favorite cynosure of ours, found us on the premises last week to take in a forty-five-piece bird-cage exhibition, which ranges from a 1714 Dutch item to a couple of contemporary avian enclosures put out by the Andrew B. Hendryx Company, of New Haven. Piloted by Miss Alleine Dodge, a member of the Museum staff, we inspected an antique Venetian cage, over two feet long, in the shape of the Rialto Bridge; an eighteenth-century Austrian brass cage with a porcelain-tile floor and with decorated porcelain tiles on the roof; an early Chinese cage with ivory food boxes for meal worms and ivory tongs for handling same; an Italian glass cage with a Sheffield-silver base; and a number of English and French Gothic cages in the form of cathedrals or country houses. "Shades of Horace Walpole!" said Miss Dodge as we paused before an exhibit that looked something like Strawberry Hill. "He'd love it. But what

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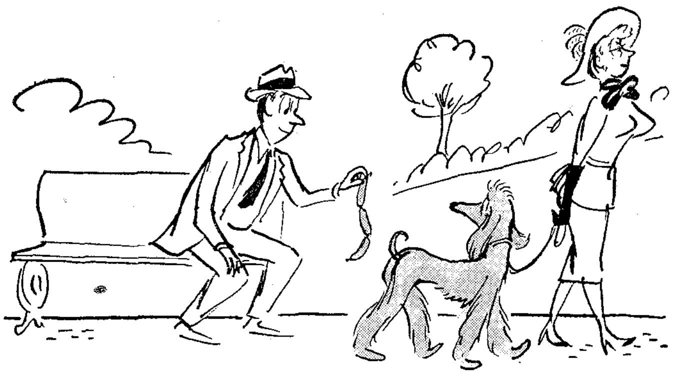

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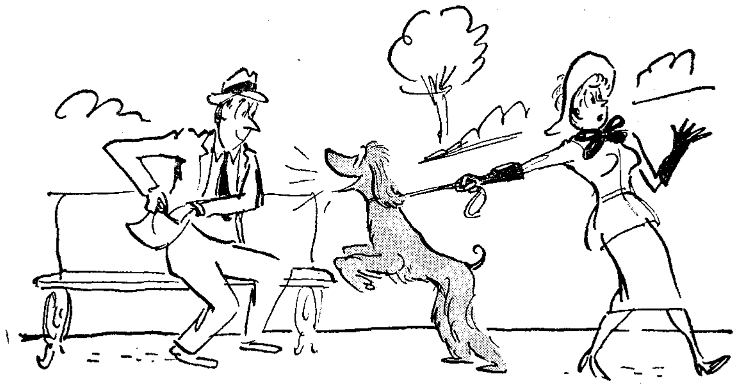

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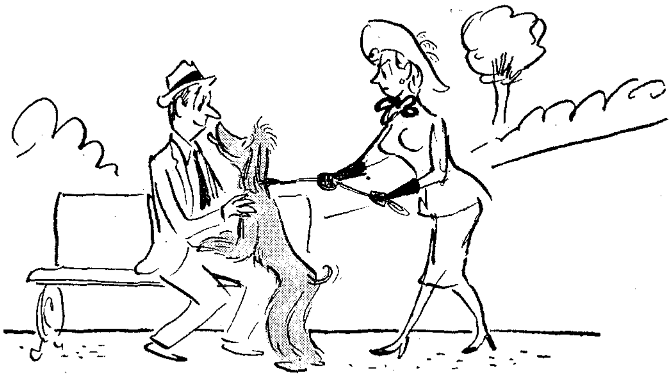

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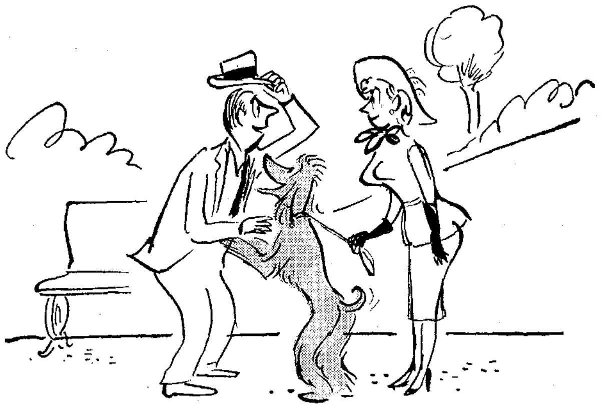

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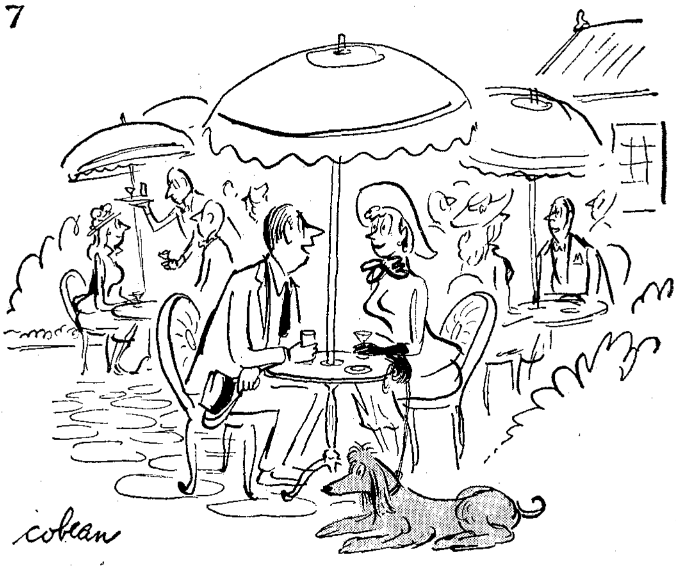

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would a bird do in it? It's so *dark!*" "Probably all right for a small owl," we said. "People used to live in dark houses themselves," Miss Dodge continued, ignoring our remark, "so I suppose they didn't think anything of putting birds in them." On we went to a nineteenth-century American cage built like a tugboat, with a bamboo smokestack and a wire hull. "I should think a bird would go crazy in it," Miss Dodge said. It was too small for an albatross, so we said nothing.

We stopped at a modern Regency cage and an eighteenth-century French cage, housing, between them, six live canaries, and were told that their occupants had been lent to the Museum by Max Geisler, a bird-and-animal dealer who is a Cooper Union neighbor. "They were all supposed to be males," Miss Dodge said, "but yesterday, to our astonishment, one of them laid an egg, which broke. The mother kept pulling her feathers out—to make a nest, I suppose—so I got the Geisler people to send over a lamb's-wool nest. It was too late for the egg, of course, but it seemed to cheer the bird up." The object of her solicitude emitted a series of happy peeps, which were presently drowned out by a terrible rending noise at one end of the exhibition hall. "We're tearing out the radiator," our guide explained. "The place was warm enough without it." She introduced us to the man who was heading the radiator demolition squad—Andrew Schmitt, Cooper Union's maintenance chief—and said that he was also in charge of the six canaries. Mr. Schmitt told us these were no trouble at all, and seemed to thrive on the presence of visitors. "This was just supposed to be a quiet summer show," Miss Dodge said, "but it's attracted more attention than we usually get in summer, and I've taken cages to three television broadcasts. A lot of bird-lovers have come in, and we give them all copies of 'Geisler's Bird Book,' with which Mr. Geisler has supplied us." She pressed one upon us, and we read, under General Care, "Your canary is a naturally cheerful and friendly pet. . . . It is well to talk to him and show him attention." We addressed a few friendly remarks to the canaries, bade goodbye to Miss Dodge, and stopped in at Geisler's, across Cooper Square, where a spokesman advised us that the Cooper Union egg had undoubtedly been infertile. "We sent the nest over just to humor the Museum people," he said.

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"DEAR Mummy," an eight-year-old girl writes from camp. "Betsy and I and some other kids play witches. We play we poison our food."

# THE EDUCATION OF A GANYMEDE

Andrew Carnegie and I both went to work as young boys, though in different years, but Mr. Carnegie must have worked for some time before *he* earned fourteen dollars a day. I made that much right away. My first job was a honey and I wish I had it back, for I have never again had a cinch like it. I was pump boy in the betting ring at the Saratoga race track. My duty—nay, my pleasure—was to pump cups of cold water from a crystal spring and hand them to thirsty sports lovers—winners and losers alike. I first got the job when I was ten years old. Lillian Russell was forty-one that year but was probably not saying so publicly. I lug her name into this memoir because, having once served her with a cup of water, I consider myself entitled to reminisce about her.

The pump was popular with the thirsty sports lovers because of the sweet, pleasant quality of the water that gushed from it when urged by the pump boy's willing hand. Holiday merrymakers visited the pump in droves, especially on hot days, and showered small change on the boy in return for his cooling offices. The job was a bonanza, good for twelve or fourteen dollars on a warm Saturday. And in 1902 fourteen dollars amounted to exactly fourteen dollars.

The salary was princely and the hours were delightful even by today's standards. The pump boy worked only during August and then only in the afternoon. That left most of the summer free for play, swimming, berry picking, and general lallygagging, and for weeding the vegetable garden, too, unless you gave the male parent the slip. I held the job of pump boy for several years, not because it was impossible to find another Ganymede with my skill and charm but because my father worked at the race track and was a crony of Reed Landers, the superintendent.

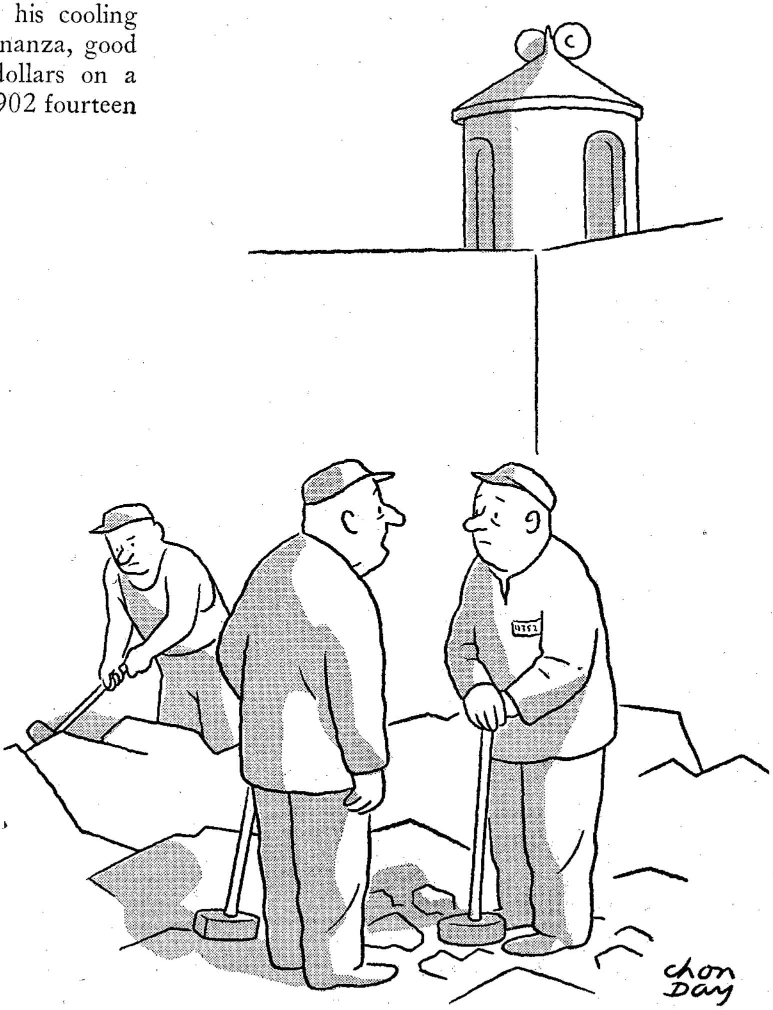
The nut for the pump enterprise was fifteen cents and was usually written off within ten minutes after the opening of business on the first day. The plant consisted of a cigar box to hold the tips, three tin cups to hold the water, and a bookmaker's stool on which to rest the cigar box and cups. And, of course, the pump and the pump boy, *ipso facto*. I got the cigar box free, courtesy of Mr. Winship, our grocer. The tin cups cost a nickel each at Woolworth's. I borrowed the stool from John G. Cavanagh, a friendly man who managed, or refereed, the betting ring. He was the only man I ever knew who had a train named for him, the Cavanagh Special, which made two trips a year—to Saratoga from New York at the opening of the August meeting and back to New York on Getaway Day.

Each day at the start of business, I placed three dimes in the cigar box, an ancient gambit suggested by my friend and mentor Paris Archer, who was in the Ganymede business, too, though not in competition with me. To be sure, this artful piece of psychology did not always hypnotize the customers into dropping dimes into the box, but it probably did have a salutary effect in warding off pennies, a lowly form of specie unworthy of the attention of an apprentice tycoon. The ruse is still in vogue in theatre and night-club checkrooms, though the Turpins and Messalinas who run these modern cesspools of avarice would scorn to use dimes as bait.

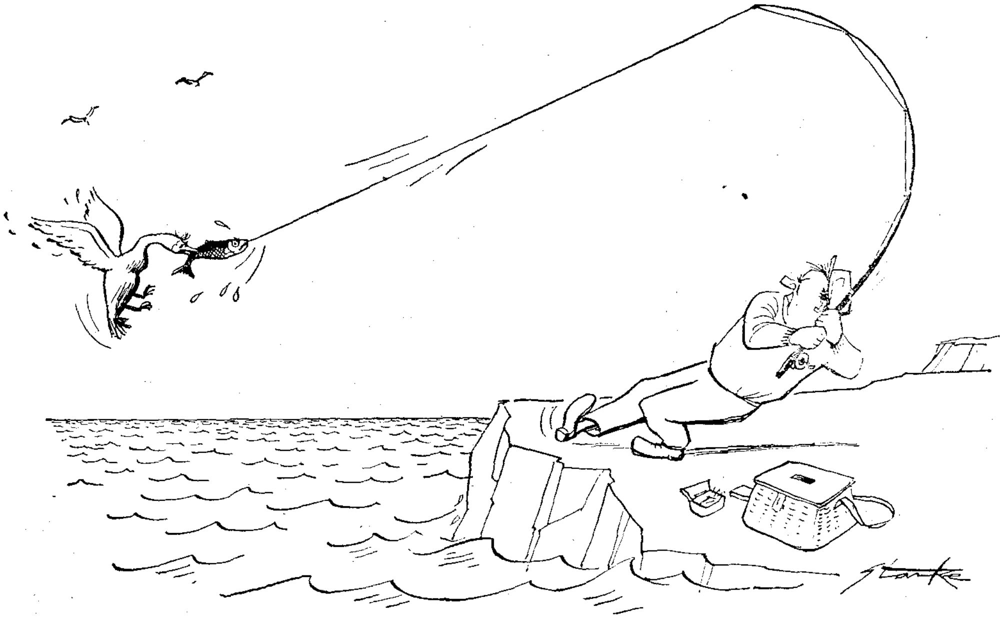
I got so I could tell from a customer's approach what his luck had been. If a man came up jovially, called me Bub or Sonny, joshed me about the scads of money I must make, declared the water marvellous, and tossed a dime or even a quarter into the cigar box, I knew *that* man's horse had taken the dust of no rival. If the customer was preoccupied and brooding, and left a nickel or nothing, I gathered he had not been as clairvoyant as he could have wished, and I was glad to slake his thirst gratis, having no choice but to do so anyhow. Thus at a tender age did I acquire that shrewd insight into human nature which forsook me soon afterward.

There was one customer of whom I grew especially fond. He was a big, ruddy, friendly man; he always left a tip and usually stopped for a chat, and he did not patronize or talk down to a boy, as adults usually do. One day at the close of the meeting, I saw that my favorite customer was not his wonted genial self. Something was wrong. I soon found out what. He took me aside, confided that he was broke, and had exhausted all possible touches, and asked if I would lend him fifteen dollars to get back to New York. I felt honored. It was an accolade to have a man of the world put the bee on me, just as though I were another man of the world. I gladly handed over the fifteen dollars. If you think a disillusioning experience followed, it is my pleasant duty to disillusion you. A money order for the fifteen dollars reached me within the week. Through *this* experience I acquired that faith in the essential goodness of human nature which has been as a millstone around my neck ever since.

One opening day, I started in to the race track to assume my post



*"I didn't think of it as embezzlement. I looked at it as a sort of profit sharing."*



for the season. I wore no employees' badge, because I had none; it was not thought necessary to dignify the pump boy with a badge. A Pinkerton at the gate stopped me and asked where I thought I was going, and wouldn't believe me when I told him. He was growing rather tiresome about the matter when a small, quick man with sideburns came along and asked what the trouble was.

The Pinkerton grew suddenly respectful. "Why, sir, this boy says he works inside, but he ain't got any badge. I figgered he's just tryin' to sneak in."

"You did, did you!" snapped the little man. "Well, you're wrong. He's the pump boy. Come along, boy."

He trotted off and I trotted off at his side, first casting a sneer of triumph at the discomfited lackey. We continued to trot along until, with a sort of bustling kindness, the little man deposited me safely at the pump. Paris Archer was overwhelmed when he saw my escort, and I was curious to know who this man was who could overawe even a Pinkerton. I asked Paris.

"He! Why, boy, he Mistah Pinkerton in pusson! He the boss man."

The boss was aware of so insignificant a cog as the pump boy, but the underling was not. There must have been a lesson here.

Paris Archer was an important factor in the education of the pump boy. He was a man of the world of considerable dash and élan, and, it may safely be added, no little savoir-faire. His complexion was a rich chocolate. Everything about him was rich. His raiment was rich. He had a rich laugh. When he laughed, a magnificent array of gleaming teeth was revealed, as far back as the eye could see, and when Paris laughed, the eye could *see!* It was his function to pass among the bookmakers with a pail of cold water, crying, "Watah, boss! Watah on de line, boss!" For thus saving Eddie Burke, Joe Ullman, Johnny Walters, and other bookmakers of that day from dehydration, Paris collected a daily cash compliment from each book. I imagine he had a very good thing of it.

A dapper man came to the pump one day. He wore such an air of quiet magnificence that I assumed he must be a visiting duke, or at least one of the Vanderbilts, with whom Saratoga teemed in those days. I asked Paris who he was.

"Big man," said Paris. "Ve'y impo'tant fashion plate name o' Be'y Wall."

I read the newspapers, and knew that Berry Wall was just about all ten of the best-dressed men of the day. Yet it seemed to my possibly biassed eye that Paris had it over Berry as a fashion plate. Paris was more dramatic. He was partial to silk shirts in solid colors like pink, and he usually wore a large diamond in his shirt front. To be sure, the jewel was not in the money with the traffic signals James Buchanan Brady wore in lieu of shirt studs, but still it was potent. If you got its full effect square in the eye on a sunny day, you couldn't see well for several moments. I thought Mr. Archer's haberdashery struck just the right note between the relative conservatism of Mr. Wall and the barbaric splendor of Diamond Jim.

THE pump job was made to order for a Horatio Alger plot—the innocent tad plumped into the middle of a race-track betting ring. Would virtue triumph? Would the little man resist the temptation to gamble? Or would he take the primrose path, squander the contents of the cigar box on the ponies, and then reel home and strike his aged mother? My mother was not aged at that time and would have given an excellent account of herself in a passage with a refractory scion. Besides, I really could not see that a career as a plunger had much to offer. The lesson of my friend who had to borrow fifteen dollars from me to get back to New York was not lost on my budding comprehension. Anyhow, my father had the betting concession in our family. He was well nigh infallible at picking horses that finished fourth or later. I think what he sought to do was to smash the record of Pittsburgh Phil, a noted plunger of the day, who made a fortune of two millions playing the horses. My father tried valiantly to wrest Pittsburgh Phil's title from him but failed to do so by the two millions, plus many additional thousands. Yet he had an awfully good time failing, and was still happily at it when he was taken from this life, at eighty. There is a lesson here, too, but I don't think Horatio Alger would approve it.

I was more interested in sport for sport's sake than I was in betting, and had, in fact, only recently given up a sketchy dream of becoming a jockey, like Lester and Johnny Reiff, two young riders who had come to our house occasionally before they went abroad and became famous in England. (Lester won the Epsom Derby in 1901 and Johnny won it in 1907—with, of course, the aid of the two horses involved.) I gave up wanting to be a jockey one day when a character called Dynamite, a groom in the stable of a Mr. Ralph Black, put me on a thoroughbred, off whose back I fell shortly afterward, on my head. After that, I wanted to be an actor, not because of the concussion but because about that time I discovered the fascinating theatrical section of the *Morning Telegraph*, an organ of public opinion my father studied each day as part of his campaign to discomfit Pittsburgh Phil.

ONE afternoon, a man came to the pump and said, "Boy, take a cup of that spring water to Miss Lillian Russell, in Box So-and-So." It was as if Jupiter had said, "Boy, fetch a cup of nectar to Venus, over yonder on Cloud 27." I had often sneaked from my post at the pump out to the grandstand lawn to gaze up at the box where this fabled matron queened it. Her picture had the place of honor in my cigarette-card collection of stage favorites, outranking Maxine Elliott, Lotta Faust, and Frankie Bailey. But this was the first time she had ever asked to meet me.

Leaving the mortal customers to pump their own refreshment or go thirsty, I filled one of the tin chalices and bore it carefully up the grandstand stairway to Miss Russell's box.

As usual, there was a Pinkerton on guard at the top of the stairway. He stopped me. "Where you goin' with that?" he said.

"It's spring water for Miss Russell. She sent for it."

"Go back and bring it in a *glass.* Miss Russell don't want to drink out of no tin cup," said Mr. Pumblechook severely.

"Yes, she does," chimed a silvery voice. "Let the little boy come here."

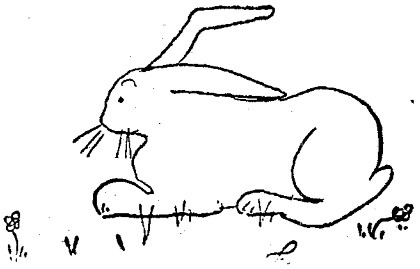
A lot has been written about the charms of Lillian Russell, and none of it has been exaggerated. Each afternoon during the races, she sat in that front-tier box, regal but never haughty, generously allowing one and all to bask in the refulgence of her opulent, peaches-and-cream perfection. There was plenty of her, all top quality, and you felt sure that never in her life had this placid Aphrodite denied herself a broiled lobster with butter sauce, or a second helping of creamed potatoes. She reached for the cup, and drank. "My, it's good!" she *said. "Thank you, little boy."* The famed dimples did their devastating best. "Tastes better out of a tin cup, too."

For the second time, I had triumphed over a Pinkerton, and this, mind you, before my life had seen a baker's dozen summers.

The silvery voice chimed another thanks and the queen graciously carried out this happy color scheme by handing me a silvery tip of a half dollar. I daresay nothing like that happened to Andy Carnegie when he was bobbin boy in a cotton mill.

Close as was my friendship with Lillian Russell, I must admit with envy that a fellow-Saratogian of that day was even better acquainted with her. Master Charles Brackett, a schoolmate of mine, had the undeserved good fortune to live next door to the house Miss Russell leased annually for her Saratoga visit. Each evening, she dressed to go to Canfield's for fish and chips. Since her house was on a secluded avenue, her maid sometimes forgot or neglected to pull down the shades of the boudoir. I have heard Mr. Brackett tell that the tug of war to get the diva into her corset, with the maid hauling away like a Volga boatman and L. R. clutching the bedpost, was a wondrous and awe-inspiring spectacle. I presume Mr. Brackett, then as now an honorable gentleman, spoke from hearsay.

AT the close of business each afternoon, I would clank home, soggy but wealthy, every pocket bulging with nickels and dimes and occasional quarters and, alas, occasional pennies. My mother and I would count the day's take and divide it into three parts. One pile was earmarked to buy my school clothes and winter haberdashery. A reasonable sum was appropriated to enable me to maintain my standing as a man-about-town and rakehell in the ice-cream parlors, nickelodeons, and penny arcades of summer Saratoga. The third share I donated as my contribution to the Sullivan grocery-and-coal fund.



Each June for six years, I went with hope and trepidation to Mr. Landers to ask for the job at the pump, and each June that benevolent man, after pretending to ponder the matter, gave it to me. Then the June came when Mr. Landers winced slightly at a lately acquired croak in my voice, and he asked if I didn't think it time a smaller boy had a whack at the pump job. I had been expecting this. I had to agree. So that August the pump went to a smaller neighbor. I became pump boy emeritus and worked that summer pasting labels on spring-water bottles, at seven dollars a week. In the nineteen-twenties, I was able to feel more sympathy than most for those grand dukes who, fresh from the emoluments of the Czar's court, had to take jobs as carriage starters.

The bookmaker of yore, with his stool and slate, has long since given place to pari-mutuels. A storeroom occupies the spot at the Saratoga race track where the pump once splashed. There have also been extensive changes in the pump boy. His advice to all men of ten is: Do not start at the top and work your way down, as he did. Be more like Andrew Carnegie.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

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## I KNOW A VILLAGE

I know a village facing toward
Water less sullen than the sea's,
Where flickers get their bed and board,
And all the streets are named for trees.

The streets are named for trees. They edge
Past random houses, safely fenced
With paling or with privet hedge
That bicycles can lean against.

And when the roots of maples heave
The solid pavements up that bound them,
Strollers on sidewalks give them leave
To thrust, and pick a way around them.

The little boats in harbor wear
Sails whiter than a summer wedding.
One fountain splashes in a square.
In winter, there's a hill for sledding,

While through October afternoons
Horse chestnuts dribble on the grass,
Prized above rubies or doubloons
By miser children, shrill from class.

I know a village full of bees,
And gardens lit by canna torches,
Where all the streets are named for trees
And people visit on their porches.

It looks haphazard toward the shore.
Brown flickers build there. And I'd not
Trade it, I think, for all the store
Of Tyre or Troy or Camelot.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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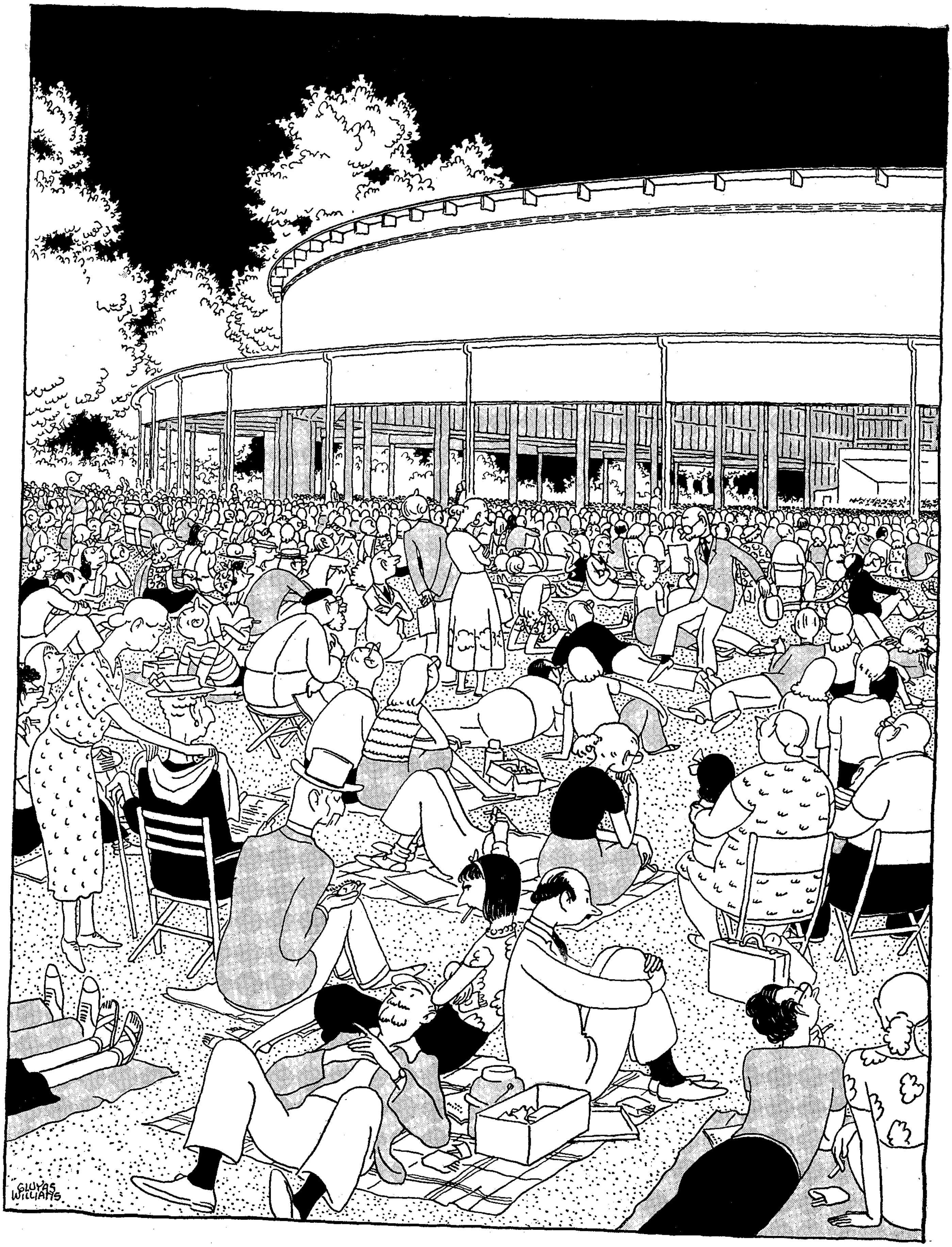
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

*Concert at Tanglewood*

# THE UNDERGROUND SETTLERS

AFTER a ship leaves the land, the light of that land remains attached to it for a while. Days out of Naples, the ship is still a part of Naples. The mountains that have sunk into the waters way behind the horizon still cast invisible shadows on the bridge. The sea road opened up by the ship looks like a country lane, and the water dust looks like the dust that covers the grass along country roads in summertime, and it is quite evident to the exile who stands in the stern of a ship and watches his voyage become part of the past that the water road goes not only all the way back to land but inland as well, that nothing grows in those regions ahead that the ship is exploring but the distance from home, that he is really going nowhere except farther and farther away from all the things he loves.

The last time I went to Italy to attend to some personal business, I came back on a freighter, formerly Italian, and American since the end of the war. The crew, the officers, the food, the passengers—everything but the ship's papers and the flag—were still Italian. The *barba* (beard, or captain, in Venetian sea lingo) was an old friend of mine from the Titoized island of Lussinpiccolo. There were thirty-five or forty passengers, and of these by far the greater number were in their sixties and seventies.

"The latest type of immigrant," the captain said when he saw me watching a group of these old people. "Grandfathers and grandmothers who are going to spend their last days with their immigrant children in America."

As the old people paced the deck in their best black clothes, that allowed none of their familiar working-day movements, they seemed confused and slightly less than themselves. The horizon went up and down in front of them in a slow, blinking movement; the old women tried to keep the wind from whipping their skirts, the old men pressed their hats down on their heads impatiently, and they looked not like passengers (each with his ticket, stateroom number, passport, and place in the dining saloon) but like peasants in a village square on Sunday.

"We never used to have this type of cargo," the captain continued, "though they remind me somewhat of the immigrants in the old days, when there were no quota restrictions. Except, of course, that these aren't bringing their shovels and pickaxes along with them—aren't pioneers. These are underground settlers; they come to fill graves."

The two points of attraction for the old people, their two meeting places, seemed to be bow and stern. There they huddled together trying to get used to the sea. When they stood in the stern, they came away from home; when they were in the bow, they went to America, they *travelled*. I knew this even before I talked with any of them, because that is the law, the basic law, of navigation. The destination end of a ship, the bow, invites people who hope; the stern those who despair. When the old people weren't in either place, they moved about the ship like the souls of the dead in that first stage of the Unbeing, where they are still concerned about the living they have left and cannot recognize among the dead anyone they ever knew.

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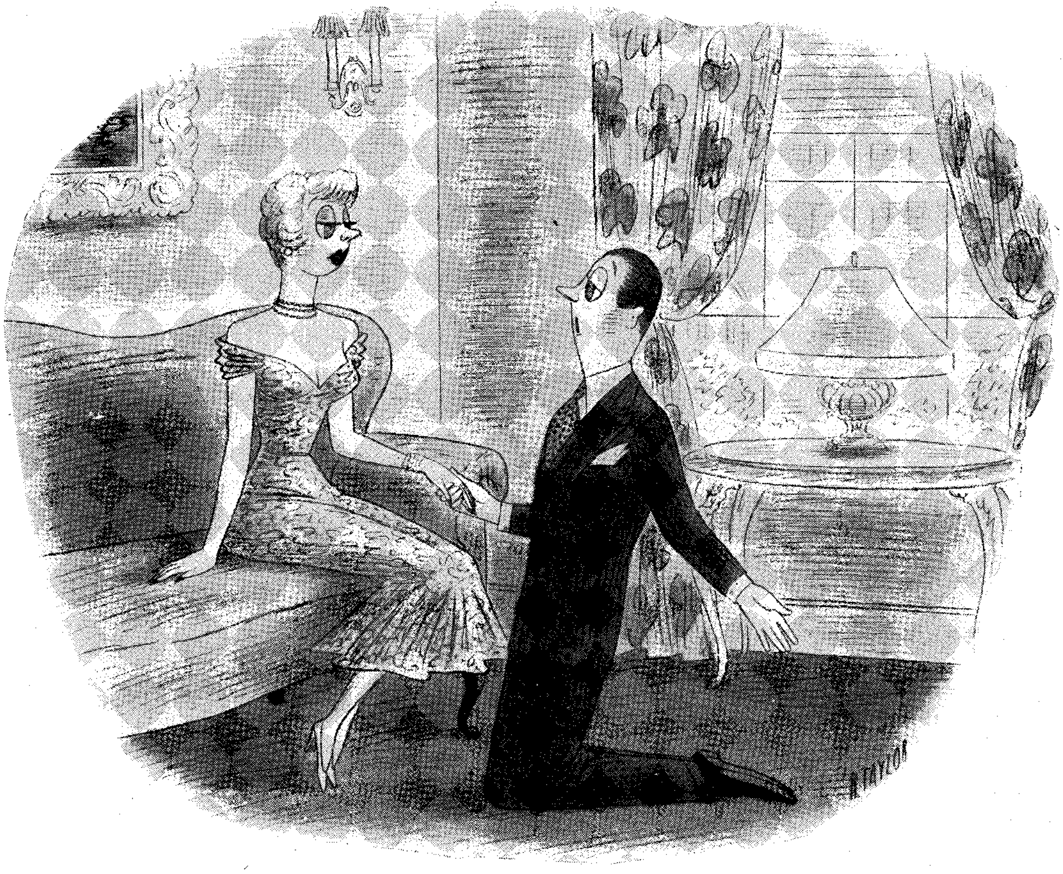
TWO FULL HOURS OF ENTERTAINMENT UNINTERRUPTED BY COMMERCIALS
CLAUDE

Because of my friendship with the captain, I had access to the bridge. It was pleasant to watch the sea from farther away than the promenade deck, and at times the wind brought the voices of the old people and even bits of their conversation. Sometimes, after dark, I left the bridge and joined them. They talked, depending on where they were—bow or stern—about their past or their future. And the word that turned up most frequently in their conversation was "America." In colloquial Italian, "America" has come to mean something more than a geographical place. It is, by extension, any deposit of hopes, any tabernacle where all things too big, too difficult, too far beyond one's grasp take shape and become true—so true that all one needs in order to touch them is a ship that will take one there. "America" is, again, something one finds or makes, a stepping stone, a rung in the ladder that allows one to climb a little higher—not, of course, in the country called America but back home. "America" also means the treasure one finds when "America" (the rung in the ladder) is steady under one's feet. Inevitably, the question that the old people asked one another, over and over, was "Is America *America*?"

They also asked the other passengers, particularly former immigrants, of whom there were several on board, naturalized American citizens who had been back to Italy for a visit and were now returning to the United States. One of these, Mr. Esposito, had his wife, mother-in-law, and four children with him. He was a fat, middle-aged man and wore a white linen cap, white trousers, saddle shoes, and bright, impossible neckties. His wife was huge and wore light-colored, flowered cotton dresses. The mother-in-law wore black, but her white hair had been rinsed with



*"With me, Mabel, you would always enjoy the comforts of security. I have an ample base salary with a cost-of-living escalator arrangement, group life insurance, and full Blue Cross coverage, and my ultimate future is assured by a substantial retirement annuity and, of course, Social Security."*

bluing. Esposito explained to anyone who would listen to him that they would have taken the Queen Mary, first class, had it not been for the fact that their plans had been changed by circumstances. "Financial circumstances," he would say with a wink. "Matter of dollars and cents." Owing to these financial circumstances, they had been obliged to book passage on this cheap boat, the first one that had available accommodations, from Naples. "Those poor devils there, those immigrants," he would say, pointing with his cigar at some of the old people as they stood in the stern of the ship, in despair at leaving their mountains, "what do they know? They've never been to America. Wait till they see the Empire State Building." Though he affected to despise the old people, I noticed that he wasn't able to leave them alone. Neither could his mother-in-law, who said to a group of them one afternoon, "Listen to me. I am American and I can tell you that America *is* America. Not as much as it was before, but more than Italy, in any case." Then she began to tell them wonders. They all listened to her in awe. By the end of her story, she had twelve toothless old men and women breathing their great amazement in her face, and she did not like it. "And all the people have teeth in America," she said. "They have teeth and they dance. They drive cars. They are cheerful. In Italy, I would be an old woman. In America, I am still young. They call me a girl. All women are called girls."

"But will they let *me* in?" asked a very old woman.

"If you have your papers," Mrs. Esposito said. She and her husband had joined the group.

"And some money," Mr. Esposito said.

"I have a son," said the old woman. "He will take care of everything. He has a car. He will come in his car and drive me home in his car. But if he says I'm not good enough for America, I will go right back to Italy."

Esposito threw a glance at the ship's wake, shook his head, and said, "Italy is all right, but Italy is no good. Imagine that in Condofuri, where I come from, my wife, here, couldn't take a hot bath at home. She is used to a hot bath. We all are, in America. And there was only one place in the whole town where she could have a hot bath—the hotel. All my relatives were against the idea because it was so expensive—too expensive for them, naturally, but not too expensive for me. Even if I'd had to pay a great deal of money, I wouldn't have allowed my wife to give up her hot bath. So every morning in Condofuri we went to the hotel. I walked behind her with a towel and a cake of soap, and everybody knew that this American lady was going to take a hot bath. In America, you have hot water and ice in the house, even if you are poor."

The old people were stunned.

"Italy is beautiful," said Mrs. Esposito, "but you cannot live on beauty."

With the excuse of showing the new settlers what American dollars were like, Esposito exhibited his fat wallet and the hundred-dollar bills in it. The grandmothers were not interested, but the grandfathers were. As they crowded around him, their thin, crooked Tuscan cigars contrasted strangely with the torpedolike cigar in the fat face of the man who had made good, the naturalized American citizen, the inhabitant of Heaven.

An old woman whose name was Ernesta whispered to me, "Are Americans all like that?"

"No," I said, "but you will see."

"And is it true," she asked, "that if a person can't read or write, they will not let her in?"

"If you are old and aren't going there to work, and have someone to look after you, they will certainly let you in," I said. "Can you read and write?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "But if they stop me before we land and ask me to read something— I haven't seen my son for so long. If I know that he and his wife and my grandchildren are there waiting for me, I don't think I will be able to read. And if they ask me to write, that will be even worse."

Ernesta was the only one in the group that I got to know well. Her beautiful brown face was seasoned and lean and traced with lines. She was like an old wooden statue. She came from the village of Piteglio, in the Tuscan mountains, and had been nowhere else in the world, except, a few times, down to Pistoia. The other old people were also mostly from the villages in the Tuscan mountains. Behind them one could imagine a profusion of stones arranged in the shapes of stairs, houses, roofs, streets, without any given order or logic—the streets going right over some of the roofs and the houses built to block the streets at certain levels—and, farther back, the bluish mountain range and a few decorative clouds caught in the picture.

Before Ernesta left Piteglio, she hadn't known any of the other old people. "They are from far away," she told me. "Some from places you couldn't reach unless you walked five hours in the mountains. But now, so far away from home, even those distances seem small. We are all Christians and Tuscans. And that American who talks to us—he is a Neapolitan." To Ernesta, everyone from any region to the south of Tuscany—even a Roman or a Sicilian—was a Neapolitan. She still thought in terms of the Kingdom of Naples, which was brought to an end when Victor Emmanuel became King of Italy, in 1861. Ernesta did not come, really, from Piteglio or any other place; she came directly from the past, and so did the other old women on the ship—a past older than history and still present, rooted in times when Rome was not yet founded, counselling blind obedience and resignation for all women. They were embarrassed in the dining saloon. "It's like a hospital," Ernesta said one day. "They serve you and you can't get out to the kitchen to help. They give you butter, too, and you don't have to pay for it. And lots of bread. This boat is very rich."

"Were you sorry to leave Italy?" I said.

"*Direi!*" she said. "I should say so! But I was all alone there, while in America I will be a grandmother to Americans. So, the night before I left, I went to the cemetery with a letter my oldest son had written to me, and the money he sent me. The custodian unlocked the door and let me in, and I said to my dead, 'Forgive me, but I must go to America. I will be buried out of this cemetery, and I hope you don't mind. You pray for me, and I'll pray for you and see you in Heaven if I can get there.' And here I am, going to find a cemetery in America."

The ship was rolling and pitching, and she took hold of my arm. "America is not Heaven," she explained to me very seriously. "There can only be one such place, and that's the place where we will go if we take everything just as it comes. But if I'd been told that I would travel to America by earthquake, I'd never have believed it."

DURING the first half of the voyage, Esposito was busy explaining to the new settlers what was waiting for them, looking at their entry papers, and reading aloud, in his best nasal American, the addresses of their immigrant children and grandchildren, so as to teach the settlers where they actually were bound for. "This reads 'Bronx,' not 'Bronk,' " I heard him say. "It is part of New York. Lexington Avenue subway."

"What?" the old people asked with anguish in their voices.

"Subway. Trains under the earth."

"Trains under the earth? And how will they know where they are going?"

"Are there holes for these trains to go through?"

"Holes?" Esposito said. "Tunnels! A whole town under the town. Even shops. Everything."

"Houses, too?"

"Not yet," Esposito said, "but they will build those, too." Then he looked at another old man's papers and said, "Cincinnati. Very far from New York. You'll have to take a train."

"Under the earth?"

"No," Esposito said. "That is, even trains that run across the country start from under the earth. Then they come up." The old people looked at one another and nodded.

Esposito was affected by the basic law of navigation, but in a different manner. When he stood in the stern with the new settlers, he, too, was leaving—he was leaving his triumph and the warm envy of the people in Condofuri. The triumph still continued in his mind, like the excitement of a party that accompanies the guest of honor all the way home, making him smile in the dark and act as if he were still the center of attention. But when Esposito stood in the bow and travelled, he went back to the place where he was a Wop and a nobody. During the second half of the voyage, as America came closer and closer, he became, in his conversation, more and more nostalgic for Europe and less and less boastful about America. This disturbed the new settlers very much. He would say things like "America is not a country for old people; nobody wants them. It used to be for young people, but it isn't even that any more," and "Who is a better pioneer than the Italian? Just think of what the Italians have achieved in America. They built all the railroads. They reclaimed the Sacramento Valley and transformed it into a huge garden. And all that for whose benefit? For the benefit of the English-speaking population."

I remember particularly one bitter conversation that took place between Esposito and the old people on the eve of our arrival. I left the bridge and went to the bow some time before sunset. The old people were fascinated by what was going on in the sky. On the starboard horizon, clouds were coming down to meet the waves in three parallel bands of rain.

"Back in our mountains," said one old man whom I had rarely heard utter a word, "it didn't rain that way, on nobody's head or roof or umbrella. The rain is raining by itself."

"It has always been raining that way," Ernesta said.

"I beg your pardon," the old man said. "It has always been raining on people. That is what makes this rain seem so strange. No one will feel it."

"Yes, that is right," Ernesta agreed solemnly. "No one will feel it."

There was a silence and a change of scenery. Ahead of the boat, a long line of red clouds, evenly spaced, drew together, like actors gathering backstage for their entry. The rain clouds became shapeless and uninteresting. Three, five, ten ribbons of bright sunshine descended to the water on our port side.

"Tomorrow morning, we shall see New York," Ernesta said.

"Yes," said Esposito. "You will see New York, but you won't see anything at all. You will see a beautiful harbor, big towers, the tallest buildings in the world, but all artificial."

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"Artificial? Why do you say that?" asked Ernesta. "Are the towers there or are they not there?"

"They are there," Esposito said, "but they are not there. And then everyone is busy. That is artificial, too. All that wealth, and it's not wealth. A glass of wine under a tree in Italy— Why do you go there, anyway? What do you expect to find there?"

Hearing these words, the old people began to gather around in a huddle, as they had so many evenings before.

"I told you," Ernesta said to Esposito. "I am going to America to die, not to live."

"To die?" Esposito repeated. "America is no place to die. Do you know what American cemeteries are like?"

The silence of all the old people spoke for them.

"They have no walls," Esposito said.

"No walls?" shouted Ernesta.

"No," Esposito said. "In America, the cemeteries are open and unguarded. Anywhere along the road, you will find gravestones. Anyone can go in and walk around, and there are no portraits, no oil lamps—nothing." He took out a cigar, bit the end off, lit it, and said, "I am not going to die in America. I have my place at home in Condofuri."

Not one of the settlers was listening to him. They looked, they searched the horizon, but there was still another night to go; America was still way down under the waters of the world, and nothing would be learned before dark. Yet the new settlers went on looking. The sun was in their worried eyes, and behind their black kerchiefs and hats, from the stern of the ship, from the top of the water road, from Italy, the night was taking over.

—NICCOLÒ TUCCI

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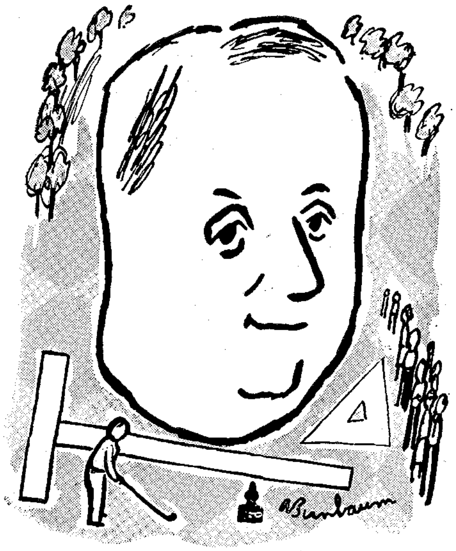
The 40-piece brass military band of the Salvation Army will play in the patio of General Hospital beginning at 5:30 A.M.
—*Los Angeles Times.*

That'll fix *those* slugabeds.

# PROFILES

## LINKSLAND AND MEADOWLAND



*Robert Trent Jones*

IN the United States today, there are approximately five million golfers, of all degrees of skill, choler, and intelligence. Scattered across the country to fill their needs are forty-nine hundred and twenty-six public and private golf courses, some little more than scythed fields dotted with nine red flags, others the green and glossy product of a collaboration between first-rate money and first-rate minds. A large number of the better courses—including the revised layout of the Oakland Hills Country Club in Detroit, over which the 1951 National Open Championship was played in June—are the work of Robert Trent Jones, the youngest, the busiest, and, according to many people, the most talented practitioner among the fifteen members of the American Society of Golf Course Architects. Jones, a forty-five-year-old, gentle-eyed resident of Montclair, New Jersey, has had something to do with the building of over a hundred and fifty courses in the United States, Canada, the West Indies, and South America during the twenty-one years of his career. With the exception of two courses he is currently hacking out of the wilderness on Jamaica and one in Puerto Rico, Jones's schedule this summer has called for purely domestic activity. Abetted by five assistants, he has been constructing or remodelling courses, or parts of courses, in Florida, Georgia, the two Carolinas, Virginia, Tennessee, Missouri, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Colorado, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, and Maine—a grand total, with the Jamaica and Puerto Rico courses, of four hundred and six holes. This widespread activity constitutes a record for a golf-course architect. It is also a sign that business conditions are good, for in hard times one of the first things to go is a golf club's plan for a sporty new nine holes, often followed by the golf club itself.

The extensive ignorance about golf architecture that most non-golfers and some golf authorities reveal is a source of perpetual amazement to Jones. "They seem to have picked up the idea that on the seventh day the Lord rested and created the fairways and the hazards—you know, checked all the pin areas on the Old Course at St. Andrews," he confided last winter to a golfing companion. "I can understand how a carload of non-golfers out for a Sunday drive will pass a golf course and take it for granted, the way I take the automobile and the automobile's radio for granted. But what beats me is the people who have been close to golf all their lives and still think that the only thing the golf architect has to do is carve out the traps and toss some grass seed around." Jones has learned to keep the sub-fairway, or technical, Jones in the background except when he is superintending construction in the field or, in his downtown New York office, devising new methods for making grass grow on a busy fairway. The Jones his clients know is the golf aficionado whose veneration for the game matches their own and who has the knack of designing courses that look natural, are fun to play, judiciously punish bad shots and reward good shots, and, while providing a stiff test for the expert, do not break the back or the spirit of the average golfer.

Nearly all the men who built the country's thousands of courses have been either golfers who branched out as designers or landscape architects who branched out into golf. "Most of them have had one shortcoming or another," a veteran chairman of the green committee of a Westchester club recently commented. "If the fellow's known his golf, he hasn't seemed to know the first thing about drainage and irrigation. Conversely, if he's been grounded in the fundamentals of engineering, he hasn't seemed to have a real feeling for golf." Jones's admirers say that his preëminence is an inevitable result of his being both a real golfer and a far-sighted planner; he is the first and so far the only member of his profession who decided upon his career at an early age and educated himself for it. At Cornell, where he was allowed to improvise a special curriculum for himself, he studied surveying, hydraulics, horticulture, agronomy, landscape architecture, and public speaking. Jones is a low-seventy golfer who hits his shots as crisply as most professionals do. "He is by far the best golfer among the architects," Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., the great champion of the twenties, has said of Robert Trent Jones. "When Trent designs a hole, he is able to test every yard of it himself for true shot value." To eliminate the confusion that develops when Robert Tyre Jones, Jr., and Robert Trent Jones get together to make their annual revisions of the Augusta National course, in Augusta, Georgia, or the Peachtree course, near Atlanta—Bobby Jones is the founder of both—Robert Jones the architect becomes Trent Jones the moment he crosses the Mason and Dixon Line.

Jones's prowess as a golfer not only enables him to make an expert appraisal of the results of transferring blueprints to green grass but is his most valuable asset as a salesman, serving as the clincher when his enthusiasm and his course in public speaking have failed to sell a hesitant client on the virtues of his plan for a certain hole. A short while back, when Jones and the building committee of the Rockrimmon Country Club, near Stamford, Connecticut, were walking over the half-finished holes of the course he was constructing there, the committee expressed definite misgivings about the ninth hole, a par 3 played from an elevated tee across a lake to a plateau green—a hundred and seventy yards away, by Jones's computations. "The committee members thought that the hole looked much longer," Frank Duane, one of Jones's assistants, says. "They thought that average golfers like themselves would have to use a brassie or a spoon to get enough distance to reach the green from the tee. They didn't want any part of a hole like that, and they kept shaking their heads when Mr. Jones tried to tell them that the distance was deceiving and that a good four-iron was all that was needed for the shot. We were getting no place fast when Mr. Jones sent me back to the car to get his four-iron and a couple of balls. He tossed a ball onto the tee and then hit one of the prettiest shots you ever saw, right on the pin all the way. The ball landed about three feet short of the pin and stuck there. The members of the committee were so impressed by the shot that they broke into applause, and some of them pounded Mr. Jones on the back. After that, everyone just walked on to inspect the next hole."

A month later, Jones topped this performance, on the fourth hole, another par 3, of the lower course of the Baltusrol Golf Club, near Springfield, New Jersey, which he was remodelling. Before he got to work on it, the fourth was a rather staid short hole, a hundred-and-twenty-yard pitch over a pond to a bowl-shaped green. To give it more variation and character, Jones lengthened the hole, building a new tee fifty yards long; extended the pond so that it nosed into the front apron of the green; and widened the green and recontoured it so that it would hold a longer iron shot. The membership of Baltusrol includes an unusually high number of accomplished golfers, but the feeling around the club was that the new fourth was perhaps too difficult. This information was conveyed to Jones one Saturday afternoon as he was starting to play a round with the president of Baltusrol, the chairman of the construction committee, and the club pro. "I really can't agree with you," Jones told his critics in his soft treble voice. "If you hit the right shot, that green will take care of it." When it was his turn at the fourth tee, Jones proved his point by punching a low-flying mashie shot that struck the green six feet in front of the pin and hopped into the cup on the first bounce.

ALTHOUGH golf has become increasingly popular in this country, it is still regarded with great affection by the wealthy class, which early in this century had almost exclusive rights to the slice, the hook, the unplayable lie, and the well-turned expletive. Jones's clientele includes such solvent enthusiasts as Thomas J. Watson, of International Business Machines; Lester Norris, of the Texas Company; Richard J. Reynolds, of Reynolds Tobacco; Lowell Thomas; and Doris Duke. Reynolds, a man whom the golf bug has bitten hard, is as enthusiastic as Jones over a joint project they are currently working on—the building of the country's first all-dune-type links, on the sandy stretches of Sapelo Island, an island Reynolds owns on the Intracoastal Waterway, twenty miles from Brunswick, Georgia. In 1938, Jones constructed nine holes on the Duke preserve near Somerville, New Jersey, the most provocative of them being a short hole with an "island green," a circular plateau in the center of a lake, a hundred and ten yards from the shore. The players travelled to and from the green by rowboat. "You'd be surprised how difficult it is to hit that green," Jones told a critic who had insinuated that the hole had only the superficial attraction of good looks. "You'd think anyone would be able to hit a green area of sixty-three hundred square feet with a niblick pitch, but when you stand on that tee on the edge of the lake and see all that water that you can also hit—why, I'm telling you, the psychological pressure is terrific. It makes that hole almost as rugged a par 3 as the sixteenth at Cypress Point or the ninth at Yale."

Their success in their own fields nourishes among Jones's upper-stratum clients a reluctance to recognize any limits to their areas of comprehension. They are inclined to be skeptical about the necessity of engaging a golf architect to design a golf course, since they themselves play golf. But there is a juncture in their relationship with Jones—the time varies, but it is usually reached before the laying of drainage pipes and other unglamorous facets of construction are discussed—when his clients acknowledge that there is more to building a golf course than meets the eye, hand him a cigar, and, urging full speed ahead and damn the poor porosity of the subsoil, give him their private phone number and carte blanche. Before this

*"And if I may say so, sir, you've made* me *very happy, too."*

## THE QUEENS

The solemn whip-poor-will
That sang the dusk away grew still again.
Now from the summer night most still
Moth after moth comes feathery to the pane.

Now we have filled our kitchen with cold fire,
The salamandrine bird of Araby
Refreshed upon his pyre
Had no such incandescence as have we.

Enchanted by that dazzle and driven wild
From the wood, on powdered wings,
So lightly made and of a stuff so mild,
Come the soft beating things.

We see them on the black night, blind with love,
Flutter and cling, wings down.
Each one has ermine or satin robes, and bears above
A wand and crown. —ROBERT FITZGERALD

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happy stage is reached, Jones's position is likely to call for the most delicate diplomacy; he must frequently disagree without seeming to disagree. In 1942, the International Business Machines Corporation was building a large recreation center for its employees, near Poughkeepsie, and Thomas J. Watson characteristically gave the project the benefit of his personal attention. One day, when Watson, accompanied by ten right-hand men, was walking over the tract selected for the course with Jones, he pointed to a steep upgrade and asked the group if they didn't think that it had the makings of a superlative golf hole. "Let's walk up the hill," Jones answered tentatively. Several minutes later, bushed by the climb, the party arrived at the top of the escarpment. "Well, I think we can forget about *this* hill," Watson said to Jones. Work on the I.B.M. course, which features gentle slopes, thereafter moved along without a hitch.

The cost of constructing the nine holes at the Quaker Hill Golf Club for Lowell Thomas and some of his friends in the Pawling area came to twenty-five thousand dollars—an unusually low figure, as golf courses go—because the terrain chosen for it was natural meadowland that could be converted into fairways with a minimum of disking and harrowing. The only considerable expenses were the tees, greens, and traps, and the watering system. When fairways have to be created on newly cleared land, Jones studies the soil, to decide on the proper grass seed, fertilizer, watering system, and so on. He ascertains whether it is a loam, a clay, or a sand, and determines its "*p*H value" (its degree of acidity or alkalinity) by a chemical analysis. He also checks with the Weather Bureau on the local rainfall, humidity, and other climatic factors that affect the success of various grasses. He has discovered that you can ordinarily get a nice fairway in a temperate climate by mixing Kentucky bluegrass, bent, fescue, redtop, and rye. He uses bent for his greens wherever it is feasible. Bent has a very short stalk, which flowers near the surface, so that it can be cut extremely close and will still stand up, but it is subject to fungus diseases and insect attacks unless the soil is well drained. In the South, where the clayey soil holds the moisture, a combination of Bermuda grass and rye is the safest bet, Jones feels.

Most of the eighteen-hole courses that Jones has built cost between seventy-five and a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Peachtree, near Atlanta, however, ran slightly over two hundred thousand dollars. "We were working with very difficult, very rugged terrain," Jones has remarked. "When you have to cut your fairways through heavily wooded country and push them across swamps, that's when your expenses for equipment and labor mount up. Peachtree was also conceived as a championship course, a super-duper job. No one hesitated to call the bulldozers back to reshape green contours that didn't quite give us the *ne plus ultra* of golf-course design. We were out to make it perfect." The most expensive Jones course is the one he is now working on at West Point, for the Army. It is being financed by the Army Athletic Association, principally out of its profits on football. Already, with only twelve of the eighteen holes finished, the cost has topped three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Jones has often stated that a good architect is an economical architect, and he takes pains to explain that the West Point fairways had to be blasted through solid rock.

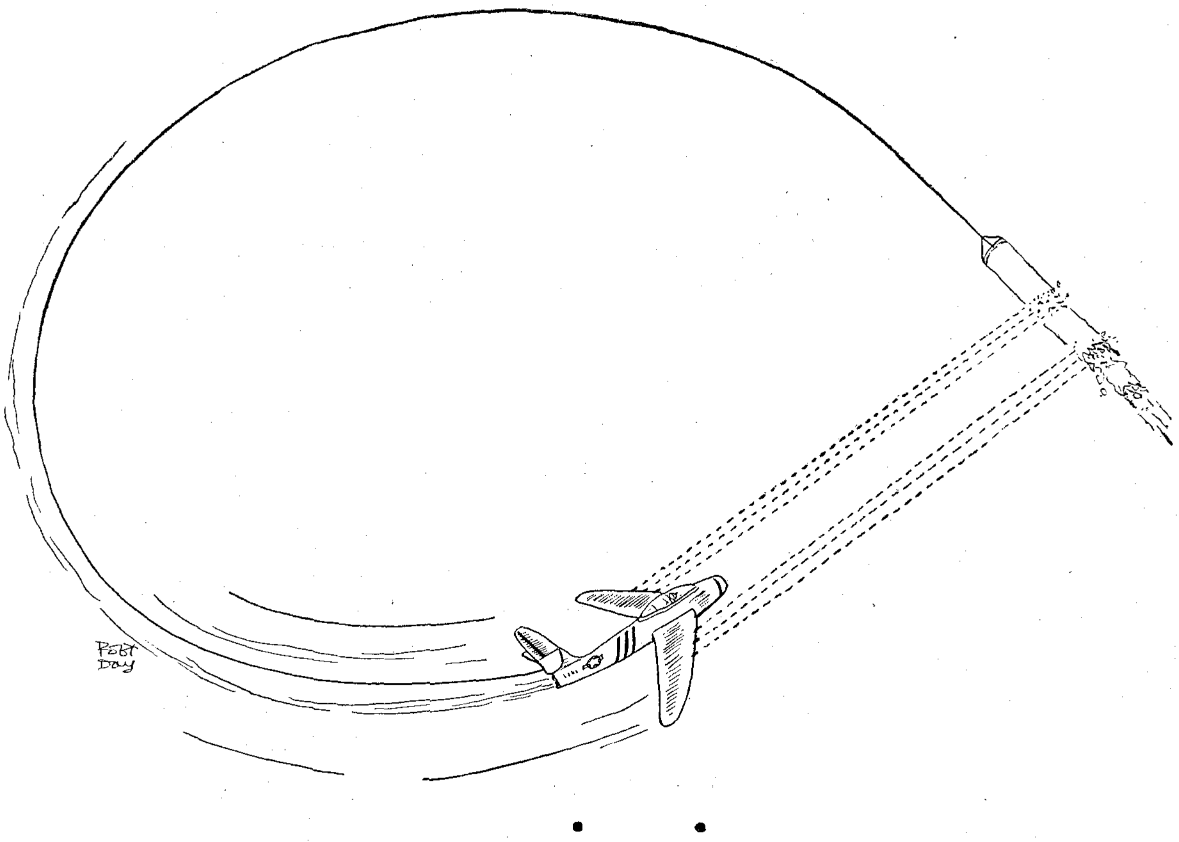
A Jones project that will probably cost more than the one at West Point is the twenty-seven-hole course the New York City Department of Parks is building in Marine Park. This is the immense development, conceived by Robert Moses, that is slowly rising out of the swampland adjacent to Floyd Bennett Field. The Department of Parks accepted Jones's plans in 1945 and shortly afterward started erecting a dike made of rock obtained by blasting for the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel. Department of Sanitation fill is being dumped onto the marshes. This is sometimes organic refuse but is usually inorganic material, such as ashes and old hot-water tanks. A heavy layer of sand, pumped from the flanking Dead Horse Inlet, is spread over each layer of organic fill, and a foot of topsoil will be spread over the final hills and dales. This is a long process, and the Marine Park course will not be ready for several years. Jones received his fee when his plans were accepted. His connection with the project now is simply that of consultant, a position he also fills for thirty golf clubs, which pay him a retainer for making small improvements and advising the greenkeeper how to fend off Japanese beetles and other pests. When Jones is responsible for building as well as designing a course, his fee is between ten and fifteen per cent of the construction cost. The smaller the project, the higher the percentage. Except for a few topnotch professional golfers, like Ben Hogan, who has earned close to a hundred thousand dollars a year, Jones's annual income exceeds that of anyone else whose livelihood is derived entirely from golf.

JONES was nineteen when he decided to become a golf-course architect. The only child of Welsh parents—his father was a construction engineer—Jones was born in 1906 in Ince, England, twenty miles from Liverpool and thirty miles from the noted seaside links of Hoylake. When their son was four years old, the Joneses emigrated to East Rochester, New York, then a town of fifteen hundred inhabitants, far enough beyond the rim of Rochester proper to feel like country. Jones and his schoolmates led H. T. Webster boyhoods up to the time they became overstimulated by the dramatic successes of the first two American golf heroes, Francis Ouimet and Walter Hagen. Hagen was a Rochester boy, and after his breakthrough in the 1914 National Open Championship few young men in the district were able to keep a safe distance between themselves and golf. Jones learned the game on a sandy, windblown nine-hole course in East Rochester, where he caddied and worked with the greenkeeping crew when extra hands were needed. In 1916, when Jones was ten, the Atlanta Bobby Jones, then a fourteen-year-old golfing prodigy, startled the sports world by winning his first two matches in the National Amateur Championship and giving the defending champion a tremendous battle before being defeated in his third-round match. “There are thousands of Bobby Joneses in the country,” Jones the architect recently told a locker-room foursome, “but the mathematics of coincidence never entered my mind. I was just plain overwhelmed by the fact that this sensational young golfer was named Bobby Jones. Boy, I began to work on my golf game after that—you know, I felt that there was supposed to be an affinity between me and golf. I was the Bobby Jones expert in my neighborhood. All the rest of the kids were trying to copy Hagen, but I built my swing, my whole technique, on what I read about Bobby and the pictures I saw of him in the papers.”

*“He’s cruel to me—mentally, of course.”*

By the time the Rochester Bobby Jones was sixteen, he had made himself into the most promising young golfer in that area. In a thirty-six-hole tournament sponsored by the Rochester *Journal-American*, he ran away from the other amateurs with a 69 on his afternoon round, and he was preparing to enter state and national tournaments when a recurrent stomach ailment flared up. Jones is a soft-talking, slow-walking, almost languid man, who can fall asleep five minutes after he has curled up in a comfortable chair. Knowing his indecent talent for relaxation, Jones’s friends find it hard to believe that the misfortune that cut short his career as a tournament golfer was a duodenal ulcer, but it was. He played no competitive golf during the next two years, while his ulcer was being administered to, and during this period he decided he would have to settle for a less strenuous profession. After his graduation from East Rochester High School, he became a draftsman in the Rochester office of Merchants Despatch Transportation, Inc., a subsidiary of the New York Central that maintains and operates railroad refrigerator cars. “I found the work intensely frustrating,” Jones has said of his two years at the drafting table. “I didn’t think of myself as an artiste or anything like that, but I felt that some creative urge in me was being smothered. And I was still as much in love with golf as I had been as a kid, and I wasn’t getting that out of my system, either. I thought that *building* golf courses might be the solution—somebody obviously built them, they weren’t born—but I didn’t know how anyone went about learning the business. There weren’t any technical schools for it, and you couldn’t go to Harvard, let’s say, and major in golf architecture.” One of the men with whom Jones discussed this problem was Ray Humburg, the head of the engineering department of Merchants Despatch in Rochester and a graduate of the Cornell College of Engineering. “Ray thought Cornell would be the best bet for anyone tackling a profession like golf architecture, which is really a combination of professions,” Jones has said. “What I couldn’t pick up at one graduate school, I could pick up at another.”

After several interviews with Jones had lessened the registrar’s mystification at a young fellow who wanted to go to college to learn how to build a better sand trap, Jones was admitted to Cornell as a special student. He was tutored in Rochester during the summer of 1926 in chemistry, mathematics, and freehand drawing, and entered the university in the fall. For three and a half years, Jones dashed from graduate school to graduate school like a ten-second Renaissance Man, studying surveying and hydraulics in the College of Engineering, landscape architecture in the College of Architecture, horticul-

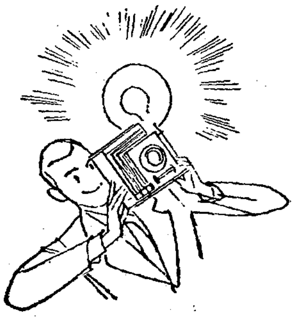


ture and agronomy in the College of Agriculture. He rested by studying economics, chemistry, and public speaking at the undergraduate college. In the spring of 1930, when Jones was twenty-four, he completed his course of studies, confident that he had everything a golf architect needed except clients. While at Cornell, Jones was elected president of the university chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon. During his second year, he met Ione Davis, a Montclair girl who was attending nearby Wells College and who became, successively, a May Queen, a moderately ardent golfer, and, in 1934, Mrs. Jones. They have two sons, Robert Trent, Jr., eleven, and Rees Lee, nine.

JONES's first client was the Midvale Golf Club, of Rochester. He designed the course in 1930, in collaboration with Stanley Thompson, a Canadian golf architect noted for his hearty manner, his roast-beef complexion, and his sharply contoured hazards. The members of Midvale, while agreeable to the idea of giving Jones a chance, wanted to be sure that the local boy knew what he was up to, so they also called in Thompson, since he had many excellent Canadian courses to his credit and was then constructing the Banff and Jasper Park courses, for the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National Railways, respectively. Jones and Thompson, who is considerably older than Jones, discovered that they were congenial and held astonishingly similar opinions on the principles of golf architecture. They formed a partnership, agreeing to split fifty-fifty the fees they received for work on American courses. Thompson returned to his Toronto office after approving Jones's plan for Midvale, and Jones superintended the work, sending periodic reports to Toronto. The job was a month short of being finished when Midvale went broke. Jones and Thompson, who had been promised a fee of nine thousand dollars, settled for the experience. Their next three American clients also filed for bankruptcy before the architects could collect their pay. The partners then turned to Canada, where clients seemed to be still on their feet even when the last fairway was seeded. Jones, who received a junior partner's share of the Canadian fees, routed the holes for the Capilino course, athwart a mountainside near Vancouver—a project of the Guinness family. He worked on five short courses in the gold-mining areas of Ontario and Quebec, and assisted Thompson in finishing the thrilling mountain-walled layout at Banff. Jones's big contribution at Banff was a method of licking winterkill, a fungus that was eating up the greens in the Canadian Rockies.

As the work at Banff neared completion, and the depression got worse, Jones and Thompson wondered what to do next, but then the General Electric Company gave them a contract to build two eighteen-hole courses on Carleton Island—the third largest of the Thousand Islands on the American side of the St. Lawrence River—which was to be converted into a camp for its employees. Jones and Thompson had completed fourteen holes when, in 1932, General Electric, caught by the depression, sold the island. Thompson then took off for Rio de Janeiro, where his brother-in-law, a director of the local traction company, had lined up some potential customers—the Gavea, Itanhanga, and Teresopolis Golf Clubs and the São Paulo Country Club. Jones stayed at home in Montclair, studying the topographical maps sent up by Thompson and mailing detailed plans back to him. In the building of the Gavea course, oxen were used for power. Horses weakened rapidly under the torrid Brazilian sun, and the cost of renting mechanical equipment would have been just the straw to break the back of the young firm.

In 1935, when the Works Progress Administration shifted into high gear, Jones thought he spotted a prospective client. "If the W.P.A. could spend its money to put the unemployed to work raking leaves and cataloguing ancient safety pins," Jones says, "I didn't see why a golf course wasn't a legitimate relief project. A good golf course is self-liquidating. Besides, you have something permanent when you build a golf course and give it the landscaping of a fine park. You've got a beauty spot that everybody in the community is going to enjoy for years to come and be proud of." It took Jones a few months to learn the contours of the political terrain, but after he had mastered them, he spent four years building six public courses—two in St. Charles, Illinois, and four in New York State (Durand-Eastman, in Rochester; Green Lakes, near Syracuse; Valley View, in Utica; and the Amsterdam Municipal Golf Course)—for which the federal government paid the major portion of the bills. These courses have all been profitable and have served other architects as models for a public course, which must handle tremendous traffic and absorb tremendous punishment every weekend and be able to recuperate in



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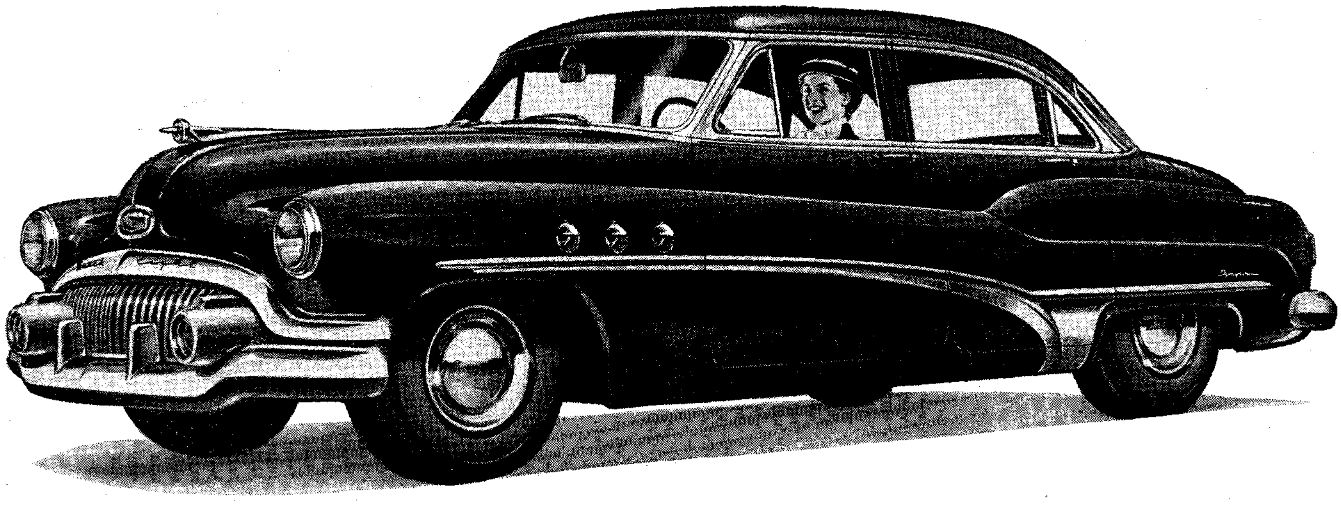

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time for the next weekend invasion. The player congestion on a public course on a pleasant spring Sunday is at its most alarming on the short, par-3 holes, where as many as seven foursomes bunch up on a tee while the foursome ahead of them is trying to get off the green. For the White Course he recently designed, at Westbury, for the Nassau County Department of Public Works, Jones evolved a revolutionary plan for keeping the traffic moving on the course's par 3s. There are two fourth holes, instead of just one, and two eighths, two thirteenths, and two seventeenths, each pair being identical in length, grades, hazards, and greens. The duplicates are adjacent, and Jones is confident that no foursome of Sunday drivers has to wait longer than two minutes before teeing off on one or the other of them.

THOMPSON and Jones opened a New York office in the mid-thirties, at 45 West Forty-fifth Street, sharing a fifth-floor room and a secretary with a magazine called the *Bermudian*. Jones worked in the New York office, Thompson in his old Toronto office. In 1938, when private capital was once again available for the resuscitation of country-club life in both Canada and the United States, the two architects dissolved their partnership, as informally and amicably as they had entered into it eight years earlier. They continue to consult with each other on problems in design or construction, and they are inseparable at the annual two-week convention of the American Society of Golf Course Architects. Thompson and Jones have never set up spheres of special interest, but it appears to be tacitly agreed that Canada is Thompson's area and the United States is Jones's. Each recommends the other as "the best man in the country." Their colleagues say that the startling camaraderie of the ex-partners is a compound of personal affection and professional respect. "Thompson and Jones differ so minutely in their theories of design," the editor of a golf magazine has remarked, "that if I were led blindfold onto a course and the blindfold were then removed, I would know instantly that one of the two, Jones or Thompson, had built the course, but I wouldn't be able to tell you which one until I had studied the green areas. Thompson seems to prefer a steeper wall in his traps, and he goes in for more mounds guarding the entrance to his greens. Jones's mounds are more sweeping, less domelike. Jones also contours his greens for a larger number of separate pin areas than Thompson. But the spirit of their style is identical."

The primary concern of Jones and Thompson is that each hole be simultaneously a fair test of skill for both the expert and the average golfer. In addition to possessing this versatility, a successful golf hole must have aesthetic appeal. For Jones and Thompson, naturalness is synonymous with beauty. Along with the late Dr. Alister Mackenzie, the Scottish architect who built the splendid Cypress Point and Augusta National courses, they have taken the lead in the effort to keep golf-course design pure, and to preserve the integrity, the strategic challenges, and the natural good looks of the best holes of the best Scottish links.

The designers of the first golf courses, which were laid out in Scotland in the twelfth century, are anonymous—one of history's unkindest cuts, in Jones's opinion, for the pioneers had the bright idea of putting the game on the "linksland" of Scotland, linksland being the stretches of sandy soil deposited here and there along a coast by ocean tides. Grass sprouted readily on the linksland, and the rolling dunes were natural sites for greens and tees, while the sharp convexities that the winds carved in the dunes made ideal bunkers and sand traps. Golf developed as a seaside game. To this day, the courses selected for the British Open Championship are always those built on linksland. Golfers usually call all golf courses links, to the despair of the game's purists. If a course lies on the sandy soil along a coast, it's a golf links. If it's anywhere else, it's a golf course.

Long before the gutta-percha ball replaced the feather ball, in about 1850, providing the impetus for golf's conquest of England, the Continent, and America, the Scots had molded the game into very nearly its present form. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, founded in 1754, became the sport's ruling body for all British golfers, and it still is. St. Andrews and the other major Scottish links, among them Prestwick, Carnoustie, North Berwick, and Muirfield, supplied hundreds of young men to fill the demand for golf professionals made by the clubs being formed all over the world. The first American champions, around the beginning of the century, were Scottish émigrés—Willie Anderson, Laurie Auchterlonie, Alex Smith, Freddy McLeod, Alex Ross. These transplanted Scots were capable

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teachers as well as champions, but when they tried their hand at laying out courses, they were, with the illustrious exception of Donald Ross, of Pinehurst, remarkably incompetent. The amount of linksland in this country is small, compared to Scotland's, and, in any case, there were many would-be golfers who lived nowhere near any coast, so courses had to be built on meadowland. Once separated from dune terrain, and forced to resort to artificial hazards instead of natural ones, the Scots lost their instinct for what was right and what was wrong. Their errors were aggravated by their desire to please their wealthy American employers, most of whom believed that American inventive genius could solve all problems. Thus our early courses were embellished with railroad tracks, stone quarries, stone walls, chicken coops, and grandstands, for the pioneer American golfers had an idea that these synthetic hazards added flavor to the sport and, indeed, had it all over dull natural hazards.

The Scottish pros might have built better courses if they had taken more time. For most of them, architecture was a means of snagging a few extra dollars—say, fifty—on their day off. On a Sunday, in response to a request for "a sporty nine-hole course," they would saunter over a specified property, planting a stake to mark the spot where the first tee should be built, another stake to mark the midpoint of the fairway, and a third to mark the center of the first green. They would repeat this procedure for the eight other holes. Then, after giving the members of the embryonic golf club a few tips on where to stick the traps, they would collect their fee and leave. It took only three or four hours to design a course this way, and some of the more energetic Sunday architects could knock off three in a day. Modern golf architects like Robert Trent Jones, contemplating the weird lacerations of the countryside that passed for golf courses early in the century, believe, however, that the Scottish pros and their American imitators failed primarily because they weren't equipped to handle a job that requires a trained architect.

The man Jones and his colleagues consider the father of modern golf architecture is Charles Blair Macdonald, a rambunctious, egocentric, consciously aristocratic Chicagoan who went to college at St. Andrews, fell in love with golf, returned to America, carried off the first United States Amateur Golf Championship, in 1895, and considered himself the one man qualified to supervise the game's development in

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the United States. "Whatever old Charlie's faults were, and he certainly was off the beam on a lot of things," Jones says, "he deserves all credit for being the first man to lay out a golf course scientifically. He set golf architecture apart from the work of the golf pro. He elevated it to an artistic profession. I hate to think what might have happened to American golf if Macdonald hadn't built the National."

The National—the National Golf Links of America, near Southampton, Long Island—took five years to build. In 1907, Macdonald decided to educate his errant fellow-countrymen by constructing a proper golf links, on Sebonac Bay, with holes patterned after outstanding British ones, such as the Redan, at North Berwick; the Road Hole and the Eden, at St. Andrews; the Sahara, at Sandwich; and the Alps, at Prestwick. He managed to imbue the holes at the National not only with the natural beauty of these classics but with their strategic spirit as well. Each of them presents the golfer with a strategic challenge; that is, a choice of routes from the tee to the green. On the fourth, a par 3 a hundred and eighty-five yards long, which is modelled on the Redan, the golfer can elect either to shoot directly for the green, built on a traverse behind a long, deep trap, or to play conservatively off to the right, away from the trap. Golfers who take the conservative route are usually able to hole out in four strokes, but seldom in three. Those who go straight for the pin are rewarded, if they make a good shot, with an easy par 3 and sometimes a birdie 2. If they fail to produce the required shot, they end up in the deep trap, and have a hard struggle to hole out in fewer than four strokes. When the National was opened, in 1911, its beauty and its strategic opportunities jolted pilgrims from every corner of the country into a new appreciation of golf-course architecture. Macdonald was asked by several syndicates of millionaires to build courses. With the assistance of Seth Raynor, a construction engineer, Macdonald poured his extensive knowledge and love of golf into such courses as Lido, Piping Rock, Yale, and Mid-Ocean, which is in Bermuda. All these courses are first-class, but none of them approach the enduring charm of Macdonald's original job at Southampton. Today, forty years after its opening, the National is still, in Jones's opinion, the finest seaside course in the country.

The golden age of golf and golf architecture was the twenties, when over three million Americans took up the game and many more millions embraced the country club as the sublime shrine of the enjoyment of living. A reasonable percentage of the hundreds of new courses that blossomed each spring showed the influence of Macdonald's basic tenets, and a few showed the influence of the majestic Pine Valley course, which George Crump, a retired Philadelphia hotel man, had gouged out of the pine forests of western New Jersey near Camden a few years before. But many architects were still producing, in essence, the same unimaginative botches that the old Sunday architects had turned out in three hours. The misconception that a golf course should be penal, rather than strategic, had by no means been eradicated. In penal architecture the hazards do not encourage initiative but punish the slightest straying from the straight-and-narrow route to every hole. "I'm not saying that there aren't some fine courses built on the penal principle," Jones once told the construction committee of a Maryland club. "The main trouble with a penal course is there's no alternative route for the average golfer. Another trouble is that when a golfer makes an error, the punishment seldom fits the crime."

As a friend of the common man, Jones has done away with the hazards, real and psychological, that make the average golfer sweat and press off the tee. On Jones's courses, there are no stretches of rough between the tee and the fairway, no traps a hundred and forty yards or so down the fairway to swallow a slice or a hook off the direct line, no arduous carries over water, which paralyze the duffer the way the view from a diving board twenty feet up paralyzes the novice swimmer. Most Jones holes have three sets of markers on the tee, the most distant from the green being for players of championship calibre, the second most distant being for fairly proficient players, and the third being for the not-so-proficient players, who compose eighty-five per cent of the golfing population. Jones frequently makes provision for a fourth set of markers, at the very front of the tee, for women golfers.

The crack golfers who play some courses that Jones has remodelled don't object to his making respectable scores more easily attainable by the herd, but they think that the hazards he specifically designs to chastise an erratic long hitter are a bit excessive. A short time ago, at the Winged Foot Golf Club, near Mamaroneck, Jones added a new trap to the first hole of the East course. "It's the worst trap I've ever seen—the lousiest, stupidest, goddam silliest trap that anyone ever built," one of Winged Foot's many low-handicap members told a friend of Jones with the unrestrained Hibernian vigor that makes Winged Foot one of the most colorful clubs in the New York area. "Whoever heard of sticking a trap in the middle of a fairway to catch a perfect drive? I tell you, that Jones is a madman." When Jones was apprised that he had replaced the British Foreign Office as the favorite subject for attack in the Winged Foot locker room, he reached for a pad of paper, as he instinctively does in time of crisis. "Look," he said, calmly sketching the layout of the first hole, "you've got a longish par 4 just about four hundred and twenty yards long, comparatively straight and flat, no undulation to the green, and no trapping to speak of at the green. As it stood, this hole was no test for that gang of low-handicap golfers at Winged Foot. They could drive all over the lot and still come up with their par." Jones added his trap to the sketch. "Now, what I did was tighten up the hole by forcing the low-handicap golfer, the fellow who can drive over two hundred yards, to place his tee shot within a more limited area. That trap isn't in the middle of the fairway. It crooks into the fairway about fifteen yards from the rough on the left, two hundred and ten yards or so from the back-tee markers, and follows the edge of the fairway for twenty or twenty-five yards. We widened the fairway on the right some fifteen yards, so that the long hitter has a fifty-yard width of fairway to shoot at. That's certainly sufficient."

When Jones remodelled the Oakland Hills layout outside of Detroit for the 1951 National Open, he faced a somewhat similar problem: how to toughen up a thirty-five-year-old push-over into a suitable examination for the nation's top golfers. Studies he had conducted at previous National Opens had revealed that, with the lone exception of Paul Runyan, all of the entrants regularly drove two hundred and thirty yards or longer in the air. Since drives of this length would have carried all the ancient fairway hazards at Oakland Hills, Jones, in order to restore the premium on accuracy, filled in the obsolete traps and constructed new ones on both sides of the fairway in that area two hundred and thirty to two hundred and sixty yards from the tee. These hazards were visited with disconcerting regularity by the game's star shot-makers, who, after their years of grace, apparently lost their poise when con-

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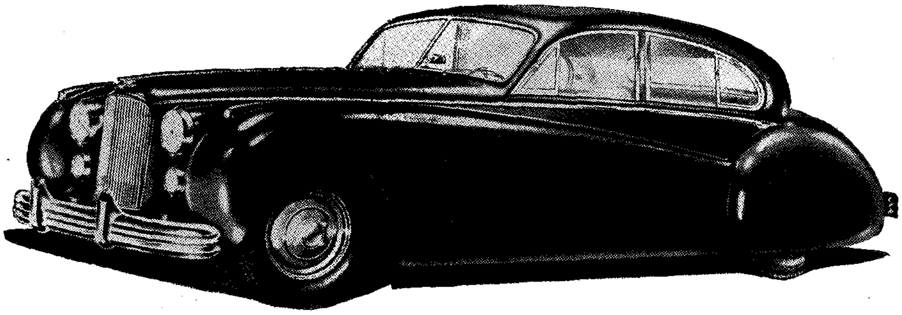

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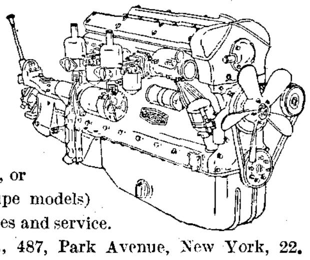

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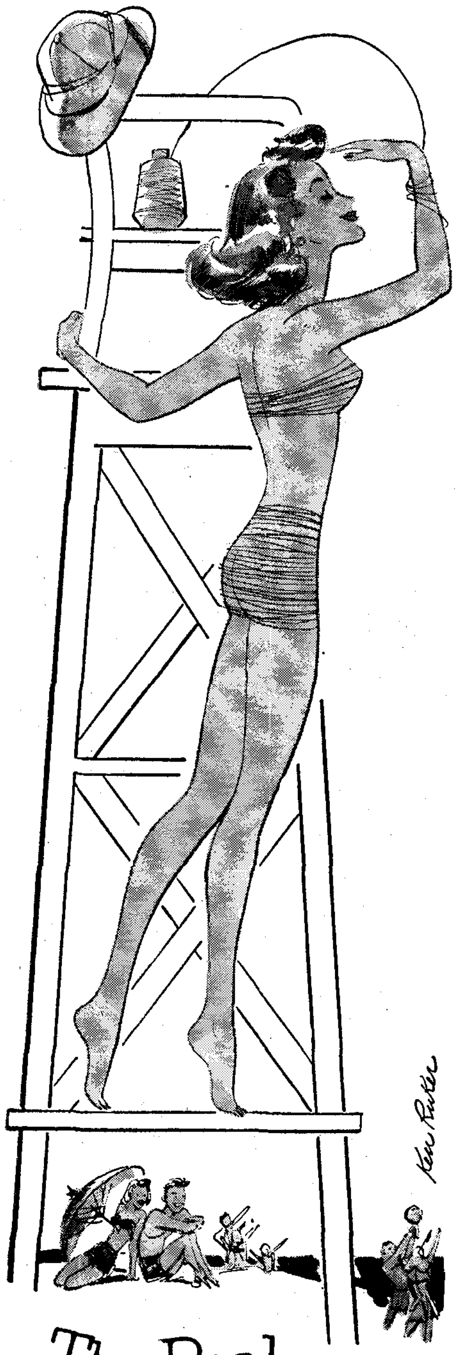

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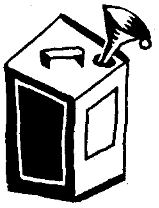
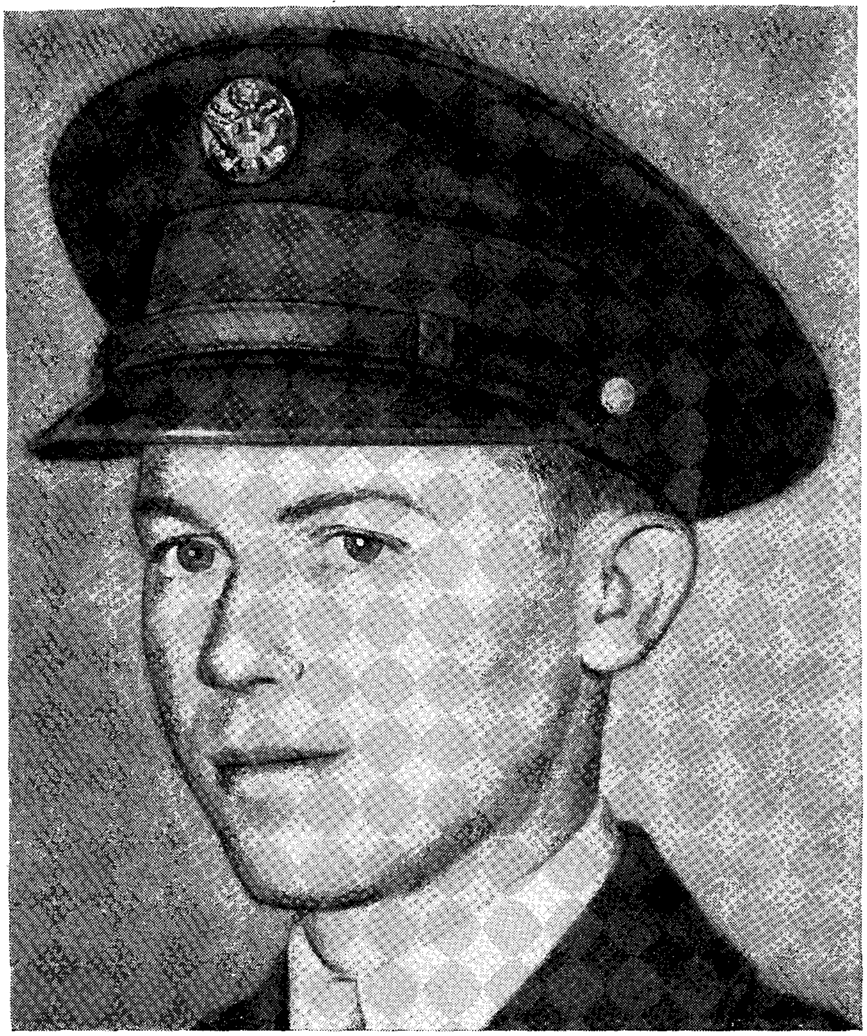
fronted with the possibility of being penalized for off-line tee shots. During the four rounds of the Open, only two players succeeded in breaking the par of 70 for eighteen holes, Clayton Heafner, the runner-up, scoring a 69 and the winner, Ben Hogan, a brilliant 67, both on the last round. After getting over their first sense of humiliation at their inability to pick up their usual strings of birdies, most of the pros admitted, with decreasing reluctance, that the revised Oakland Hills was not an unfair course and faithfully rewarded them when they played good golf shots. Bobby Locke, the much-travelled South African expert who finished third, declared that the course was the finest test of golfing skill he had ever encountered.

LIKE every true lover of the game, Jones deplores the fact that in the last twenty years par has lost its significance. "Before 1930, the golfer who equalled par for eighteen holes had to hit his shots like a champion," Jones recently said. "Seventy-two was a score that a Jones or a Hagen was proud of. The perfection of the steel shaft, the hopped-up ball, and the sand wedge made possible the lower scores we began to get in the thirties. Those technical innovations in themselves didn't hurt the game. What did was the way tournament promoters, catering to our national infatuation with record breaking, softened up the courses when they should have been stiffening them to keep pace with the improved equipment. They watered the greens until they'd hold even a rotten approach shot. They took all the terror out of the rough by cutting it short—made it as playable as the fairway. Sometimes they allowed tournament golfers to take preferred lies on the fairway. Well, under such conditions, it wasn't surprising that the big boys began shooting in the middle sixties, and the guy who scored a 72 would be inconsolable for days. But put those par-busters on a real course, like the ones the Open is played on, and you'll get mighty few scores below 72. Par still means something on a course with character. The 67 Hogan shot at Oakland Hills was just as great a round—not any greater, not one iota less great—as Hagen's 67 at Muirfield in the 1929 British Open."

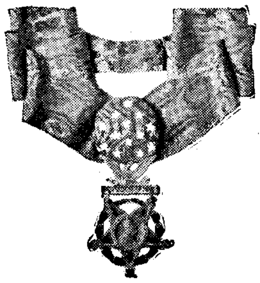
Staggering the tee markers is a big factor in preserving the integrity of par and at the same time extending a helping hand to the average golfer, Jones went on, but the green, in his opinion, is what holds the key to the balanced hole. Jones's greens, unlike those built by other architects, are intricately molded to provide for at least four distinct areas where the pin can be placed. These pin areas, relatively level decks of the green separated by contoured folds, are not unlike small greens in themselves. By shifting the pin from one green area to another and changing the position of the markers on the tees, a single hole can be transformed into a wide variety of holes. The size and position of the pin areas are calculated to fit the value of the approach shot. For example, the toughest pin areas, situated close by a dangerous hazard, are used only during tournaments involving golfers of championship rank. "A pro or a good amateur should be able to put his approach shot within twenty feet of the cup," Jones recently told one of his low-handicap friends. "That's his target zone, and if he hits the right shot, his ball lands in the correct pin area he has an excellent chance to hole his putt for a birdie. If he doesn't hit his target zone, he's got to play a long and tricky putt over the contours. He has to settle for two putts and his par, which is all he deserves. On the other hand, greens built with more than one pin area don't make scoring any more difficult for the average golfer. The whole green is *his* target zone." When Jones is working on a course, he supplements his pencil drawings with a model of each green, scaled twenty feet to the inch and made of ordinary green modelling clay. Water hazards around the green are indicated by blue clay, and the traps are painted in with white enamel. Jones usually devotes three days a week to inspection trips over courses in the process of construction. If he discovers that a project superintendent, despite the clay model of a green, has somehow missed his intention, Jones goes to work on the green himself. Standing in his shirtsleeves, he directs his bulldozer operator with hand signals and vocal exhortations until the green is buffeted into the shape he had in mind.



Jones is regarded as one of golf architecture's more conservative green-area trappers. Whereas Macdonald believed that a trap should "punish pride and egotism" and dug suitably grim pits, Jones's traps possess only a modicum of such moralistic design. Meandering around mounds near the green, Jones's traps are deliberately cut along jagged lines, so that a season of wind and rain will give them a natural, dunelike appearance. The sand on the curved faces of his traps is swept nearly to the top of



# Medal of Honor



Private First Class Melvin Brown, of Mahaffey, Pennsylvania—Medal of Honor for valor in action near Kasan, Korea, September 4, 1950. Stubbornly holding an advanced position atop a wall, Pfc. Brown stood off attacking North Koreans until all his rifle ammunition and grenades were gone. When last seen he was still fighting—with only an entrenching shovel for a weapon—rather than give up an inch of ground.

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the mounds. This "flashing"—white sand against a green mound—not only advises the golfer what to steer clear of, but, in Jones's opinion, also sets a green off and gives it a feeling of receptivity. Jones is not finicky about the sand for his traps. Any reasonably white and reasonably fine sand will do, and almost invariably a beach or a quarry fairly near the course can provide it. He gets the sand for his courses around New York from Northport, Port Washington, and Port Jefferson, all on the North Shore of Long Island. Port Jefferson sand, which is dredged from the bottom of Long Island Sound, is whiter than the Northport and Port Washington varieties, and therefore preferable. Jones experimented with Jones Beach sand, but it was so fine that the wind quickly whipped it out of the traps. He has imported sand only once. "When we started building West Point, we got our sand from Army cargo ships anchored in the Hudson," he says. "The way it worked, those transports would sail in convoy for Europe loaded down with war supplies. After dumping their cargoes, they'd pull in near any convenient beach and take on sand for ballast. Well, one of these convoys was routed to Scotland, and I like to think that some of the bunkers at the Point are filled with the authentic stuff, scraped right off the dunes of the linksland."

JONES's staff of assistants is made up of William Baldwin, whom he is grooming as a greens specialist; Thomas Palazzotto, a draftsman new to the office; Julian Michele, a professional illustrator, employed on a piecework basis, who elaborates on Jones's sketches until they have the explicitness of a photograph; Kingdom Troensegaard, a turf expert; and Frank Duane, a landscape architect, who is in charge of Jones's office, which is now at 20 Vesey Street. The personnel for each project, ranging from civil engineers to laborers, is recruited locally. Jones's work has a tendency to overflow his regular office hours (nine-thirty to five), and two of the rooms of his home, in Montclair, serve as an afterhours and weekend office. He has a small attic workroom, and what used to be the sun parlor has been furnished with two massive desks and cluttered with file cabinets, a library of color photographs of famous golf holes, and tottering piles of *Golf Illustrated*, *Golf*, *American Golfer*, *Professional Golfer*, *Golfdom*, *Golfing*, and *Timely Turf Topics*. Jones takes care of his correspondence and his bookkeeping there. The Vesey Street office, a large, austere-looking room that he moved into in 1944, contains a photograph file the size of a pool table; a desk; two drafting tables; a washstand, equipped with Synol soap for poison ivy; and a shelf of trade journals dealing with cement, tractors, piping, pumps, sprinklers, hoses, grass seed, and fertilizers. Jones usually meets his clients uptown, which is easier for most of them to get to than Vesey Street.

After Jones has inspected and approved the site a client wants to build on, he returns to Vesey Street to draw up plans. His first step is to get an aerial photograph and a topographical map of the site. A master drawing of the photograph and map combined, including such features as bodies of water, roads, and boundary lines, as well as the actual contours of the terrain, is made. Copies are made of this master drawing, and Jones plots several alternate courses on them, designating the shape and position of each hole with strips of gummed tape. These rudimentary layouts are then traced onto still other copies of the master drawing. He modifies them to eliminate such undesirable elements as steep climbs, long walks between tees and greens, blind approaches, and fairways whose "landing zones" are too close together. Then he makes another inspection of the site to check, point for point, the desirability of the tentative courses. After making whatever further changes he thinks necessary, Jones takes the plans to the client. After the client has accepted one of the suggested layouts and the accompanying estimate of costs, Jones, with the help of Duane or Baldwin, stakes off the rough skeletons of the holes. Jones likes to think of himself as a father who plays no favorites, but the frequency of his inspections is likely to depend upon the degree of fascination a course holds for him. During the past year, he has been unable to stay away for more than three weeks at a time from the eighteen holes he built for the Dunes Golf and Beach Club at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. The land there is studded with groves of live oak, and it swells and dips like a natural golf course, but these are the secondary attractions. What entrances Jones is the fact that the course lies where Singleton Swash empties into the Atlantic Ocean. This was Jones's first crack at building a true seaside course. "You've got to see Myrtle Beach," Jones recently told a friend. "I've been able to work the water into six of the holes, and you've never seen a more excited group of members. At lunchtime they drive out from their offices and wander over the nine holes we finished in '49 and the new nine we've just opened. Oh, you'll love the way the Swash brings out the character of the holes! And you'll really be enchanted by the sense of movement that comes over you as the fresh water moves out and the tide moves in. In and out, always moving, changing the strategy of the holes as it wells up in the channels and then recedes. There's a wonderful feeling of interrupted tranquillity about the whole thing."

When Jones is at home in Montclair, he makes a commendable effort to segregate his professional interests in the sun-parlor office and the attic workroom. Neighbors who call on Sundays find, at first, no indication that the household deviates in the slightest from the standards of respectable, commutable New Jersey. The LP recording of "The King and I" whirs softly in the background while Jones pours bourbon for his friends, listens to the plans his two young sons have concocted for winning a community scrap-collecting contest, and putters around with smoked-trout spread and crackers. This illusion of conformity is seldom maintained for more than an hour. A friend who spent a Sunday there this summer gave, upon returning to the calm of New York, a résumé of dinner with the family. "During the soup course," he said, "there was nothing unusual except that Jones got a call from the head of the construction committee at Colorado Springs, asking him when he would be sending along a copy of the new plans for the sixteenth green. After that, there wasn't a mention of golf until Mrs. Jones apologized for the spinach, saying it was as sandy as Pine Valley. Halfway through the dessert, Bob, Jr., and Rees left the table and in a few minutes appeared swinging their golf clubs and asking their father to correct their form. When the maid came in with the coffee, Jones told me how lucky they were to get her. After all, she came from Atlanta, and worked for a family that had a home on the East Lake course, the very course where Bobby Jones learned the game. Then we got away from it all. We went out and played eighteen holes." —HERBERT WARREN WIND

•

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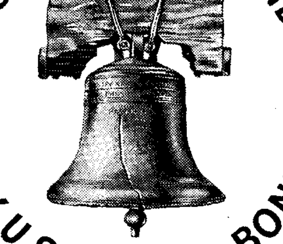

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# SCONES AND STONES

(AFTER READING "PARENTS AND CHILDREN," "MEN AND WIVES," "DAUGHTERS AND SONS," AND SO ON, BY IVY COMPTON-BURNETT)

"ALL that ectoplasm," the father said.

"We won't have to hear that joke much longer," his six-year-old daughter said to her three-year-old brother. "Everyone will soon have color."

"Not in their cheeks. Huddled indoors at their sets, all parents, all children. The upshot of everyone's having color," the father went on, testing the tensile strength of the aphorism on which he had stumbled, "is that no one will have it." He flapped out his luncheon napkin like a white flag.

"They must have our antenna nearly up," the mother said, hearing overhead a succession of dull thuds.

"But not so dull as the end product will be," the father said, assuming this common circuit of associations. Ellipsis was the hallmark here.

Cook punted open the swinging door and dealt them plates of haddock from a tray, simultaneously removing soup in quantities almost as large as she had set before them.

"I don't know what's eating this family," she said, such being her way of commenting on what it did not eat.

"R.C.A. Victim," the boy murmured, licking clean a jellied scone.

"You are clever with your tongue," the father observed sardonically, of this act.

The mother made a sign of pleasure.

"He will be elliptical," she said, evaluating rather what had been said. "He is referring to R.C.A.'s losing to C.B.S. on the color thing."

"The child does not speak distinctly," the father differed.

"But I heard distinctly. The boy has made a *mot* of sorts, and you should not let your natural resentment stand in the way of your recognizing the fact."

"Must you raise your voice?"

"I do so in the cause of harmony. You love your children so much," the mother went on for the latter's benefit, "you will not have their cleverness come between you."

"The child mouths his words."

"What else is there to do with them?" the boy said.

"The truth is growing clearer every day," the mother said. "He will be more elliptical than all of us."

The girl swivelled a fist in a dry eye.

"There, there, *you* are elliptical *too*. Is she not?" the mother prompted her husband.

Pledged to understress, he shrugged one shoulder and smiled in the girl's direction. This, though lacking the texture of praise, restored the girl's normal indifference. The family ran as smoothly as most, their years of intimacy having quite anesthetized them to emotion. Nevertheless the mother turned to the children and blessed them with individual glances.

"Precious," she said.

"That is not the same as elliptical," the father said.

"There!" the mother said, making him the beneficiary of this new remonstrance. "Your father's subtlety should be obvious."

"It is, but whether it should be is another question," the boy said.

"It looks as if he will be oblique as well!" the mother exclaimed, veering freshly in these loyalties.

The father glared into his plate, momentarily, as though he were an osprey and the fish alive. Now pride even more than the rules of the game forbade him to discharge his pique with his young in any other fashion than tangentially. He therefore turned from the haddock to his wife, and in the expectation of stinging her blurted, "I cannot bear children."

"It is a function to which nature has perhaps better suited the woman," she answered fairly.

Two workmen carried into the house something in a cabinet of fumed oak, but the father averted his face as though they were rather bearing from it the corpse of literate dialogue.

"And so the coup de grâce to what remains of conversation in our time," he said.

They spoke of this and that. Because of the door that was soon to close on civilized communion, and wishing to leave no residue of prior heat in their adjourning mood, the father strove to close the luncheon on a note of persiflage.

"Your mother does not understand me," he chaffered with that levity which may be after all the soul of wit.

"Then suppose you do not talk with your mouth full," the boy gave answer.

"Are you the father here?"

"No, sir."

"Then stop chittering like a ninny."

THE father rose and led the way into the living room, where, disposed in their accustomed chairs, they witnessed the installation of the set. One workman had remained to effect it. Lengths of wire lay about like some degree of briar.

"So another trap is about to shut," the father said.

"I thought we might not use the word in that sense," the daughter said.

"Your father meant in the sense of snare," the mother said, looking at her.

"Which is everywhere," the father said, looking at the son as well.

The workman bolted on his knees about the polished floor. "By fall you will have an attachment for color," he said.

"I shall feel none whatever for it," the father interjected swiftly, as if mere moments remained for nuance.

"What *does* he feel?" the girl whispered.

"Nothing," the boy said. "When I can talk, I shall call him Ice Cold Pop."

"And when he is old, Epigrampa."

"Now, now, your father is sound," their mother said. "Sound as a nut."

"You can say that again," the girl retorted.

The father made a truncheon of his *Harper's*. "There will be no needless repetition," he said.

"It will distract you," the workman said, in defense of the instrument it was his to install.

"No more than the prospect already has," the father said.

"A living must be made," the workman said.

"And a life unmade."

"A way of life. And a new way born," the workman said.

"By some not able to bear it."

"We talk again of bearing," the mother interposed, prising from her daughter's grasp a cutting tool not meant for play.

The color drained from the father's face leaving a pallor, which in turn gave the illusion of draining from it; as though they had already heard a fragment from the instrument.

"And for children? This imagery and this plane of reference?" he demanded.

"They must be torn away from the continuities which thrive at evening, and which magnetize them until then," the workman said. He inserted an extremity of wire into the machine and secured it there. "Whether the innovation is therefore a blessing or a bane is moot in many households," he said with a smile. Then he paused and rummaged in his hair. "Since setting

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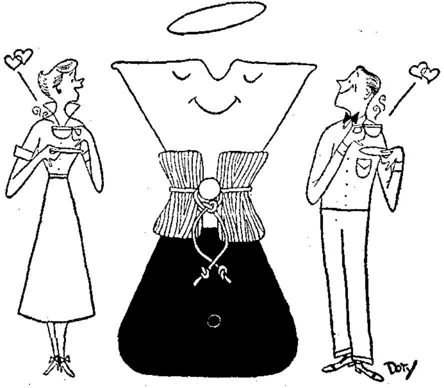

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foot in this house I speak increasingly in this way."

"It is nothing but understatement," the mother said.

"Restraint run wild, if I may say so, Ma'am." The workman rapped a knuckle on the cabinet. "But not here. In this medium, overstress."

"And in the humor?"

"Muscularity. In a diversion last evening one comedian said, 'My dog is sick, I should have given him asafetida.' And another better known replied, 'Asafetida made any difference.' "

THE father nudged an ashtray a quarter of an inch to the left, illustrating the anguish of cerebral types. But there was a sense of swift recovery. He had been evaluating what the workman had said about the household young, which had seemed to lay bare implications he had not realized in his own strictures. Credits and debits had been toted up, a balance struck.

"You say the children must indeed be torn from the sets?" he said, bowing his head and joining together the fat of his thumbs.

"You don't even know they're in the house." The workman plied a knob. "Ah, there we are. Puppets."

As his wife went about drawing the shades, the father seemed to see the house in a new light. The children's faces were already transfigured. The resulting glow of warmth in him was so great as to move him momentarily to hypocrisy.

"You were so good as to speak of the level of intercourse of all beneath this roof. Surely it's nothing new, understatement," he said modestly to the workman.

"Oh, no," the other answered, refining a nebulous image. "But not everyone can lay it on with a trowel."

—PETER DE VRIES

•

For 20 years, these conducted trips have taken teachers and retired people of means to Europe, to Mexico, to Alaska, to Death missions. Dr. Werner has led them, cheery, resourceful and full of quaint information.—*Stockton (Calif.) Record.*

Always wearing that little twisted smile?

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT
[*From the Columbia (S.C.) State*]

The three final "super-rallies" of Youth for Christ this weekend at the Township auditorium will offer something new and different in the form of a bubble gum contest.

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# ON THE COURTS

## *Revelations*

WHEN the Australian Davis Cup team walked off with the Cup last summer, having beaten our players four matches to one, I wrote discouragedly that it looked as if the Cup would remain in Australia for years and years, since we seemed to have no youngsters of any real talent on the way up and our top men had all passed their peaks. But after watching the performances of three young players—the oldest is only a year out of college—during the Meadow Club Invitation Tournament at Southampton last week, I am happy to report that the prediction is probably going to prove all wrong. The three are Hamilton Richardson, of Baton Rouge, the national junior champion, who is seventeen; Tony Trabert, of Cincinnati, who has just turned twenty and who won the National Clay Court Championship a few weeks ago; and Richard Savitt, of Orange, New Jersey, who, after an indifferent season last year, went on an extended tour, during which he acquired both the Australian and the Wimbledon championships. Savitt is twenty-four.

Last summer, Trabert struck me as being a second-rate player with a talent for chasing after ungettable returns and with a flagrantly weak collection of ground strokes. This year's model, however, is a new and glittering Trabert, with a twenty-inch screen and natural-color reception. In the three matches I watched him play, he ran after no more than three or four hopeless returns, his ground strokes were much improved, and his services and overhead smashes were a joy to watch. About his only handicap, I thought, was a failure to move quite fast enough at times, but he generally made up for that with a greatly sharpened sense of anticipation. In his quarter-final match, with Arthur Larsen, the current national champion, and in his semifinal, with Gardnar Mulloy, who ranks fourth nationally, he was the aggressor throughout, and there just never seemed to be any doubt about the outcome; he beat Larsen in four sets and Mulloy in three. In the final, against Herbert Flam, the country's second-ranking player, he produced the best tennis of the week, to win, 6–2, 10–8, 5–7, 6–3. Thus, in three consecutive matches he defeated three of the four semifinalists in last year's National Singles—quite a feat for a twenty-year-old. He had his first experience with Davis Cup play in Louisville a couple of weeks ago, against the Japanese team. It's my guess that Frank Shields, the American team's new non-playing captain—his selection was one of the best moves the United States Lawn Tennis Association has made in some time—is giving serious consideration to the idea of a two-man Cup team, consisting of Trabert and Savitt, to take care of both singles and doubles in the Cup matches to come. At least, Shields had them paired in the doubles at Southampton, and they teamed together well enough to reach the final before losing to the old and experienced team of Mulloy and William Talbert.

Richardson did very nicely at Southampton, putting on a fine show in the quarter-finals before Mulloy beat him, 6–2, 4–6, 9–7, 11–9, in a match that lasted almost two hours and a half. Richardson might have done even better than that, but, with the score at 7–7 in the third set, he developed a severe leg cramp, and all he could do was wave at the ball and wait until intermission for relief. He is a tall, rangy boy, well over six feet, with the makings of a Grade A game. He runs around the court a lot more than he needs to, but that should be cured by experience and by some judicious coaching, if there is such a thing to be had any more.

Savitt, resting up after his arduous campaigns in England and Australia, played only in the doubles, but from what I saw of him, he looks to be our No. 1 player for a while. He has perhaps the most powerful serve in the game today, his strokes and position play are very sound indeed, and—possibly just as important—he appears to be extremely sure of himself. I suppose anyone would be who holds two of the world's three major singles championships and seems likely to pick up the third at Forest Hills next month.

—P. W. W., JR.

•

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[*From the catalogue of the Country Store, Concord, Mass.*]

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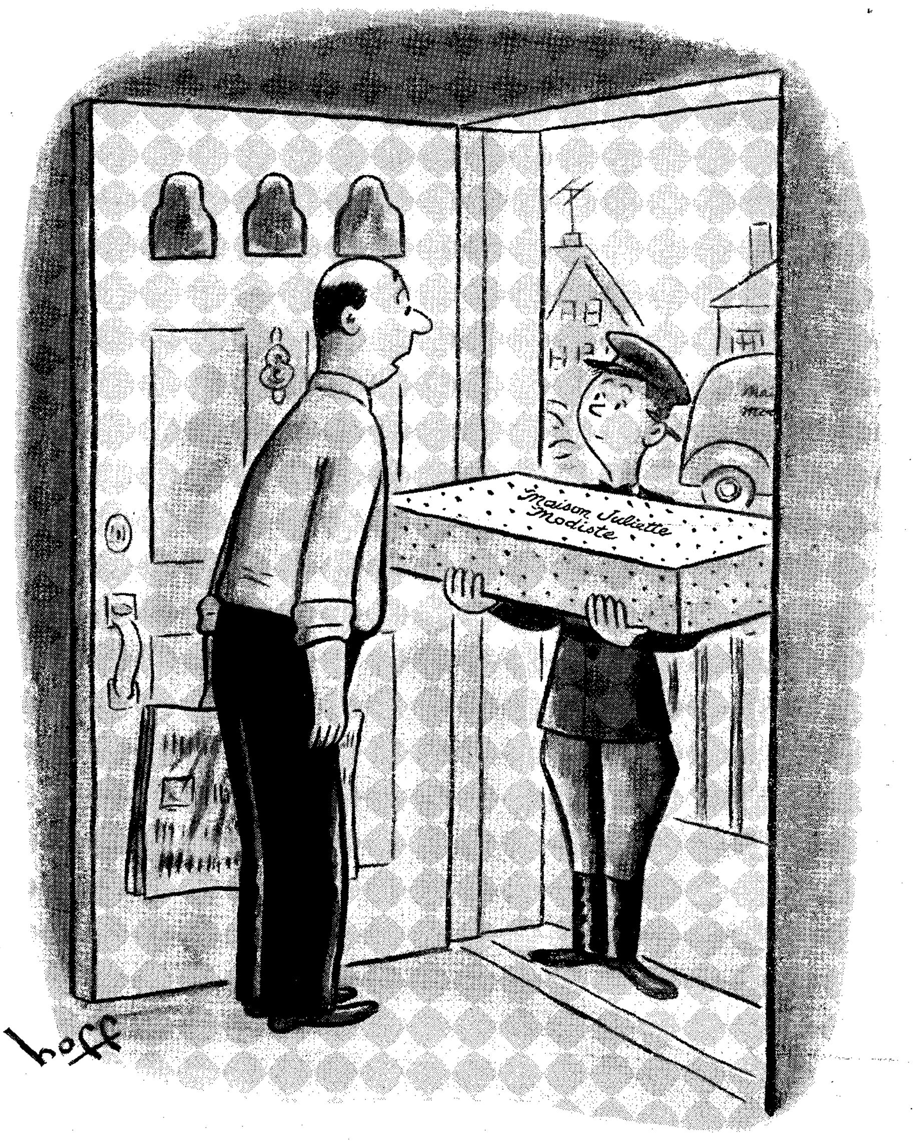
# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## FEMININE FASHIONS

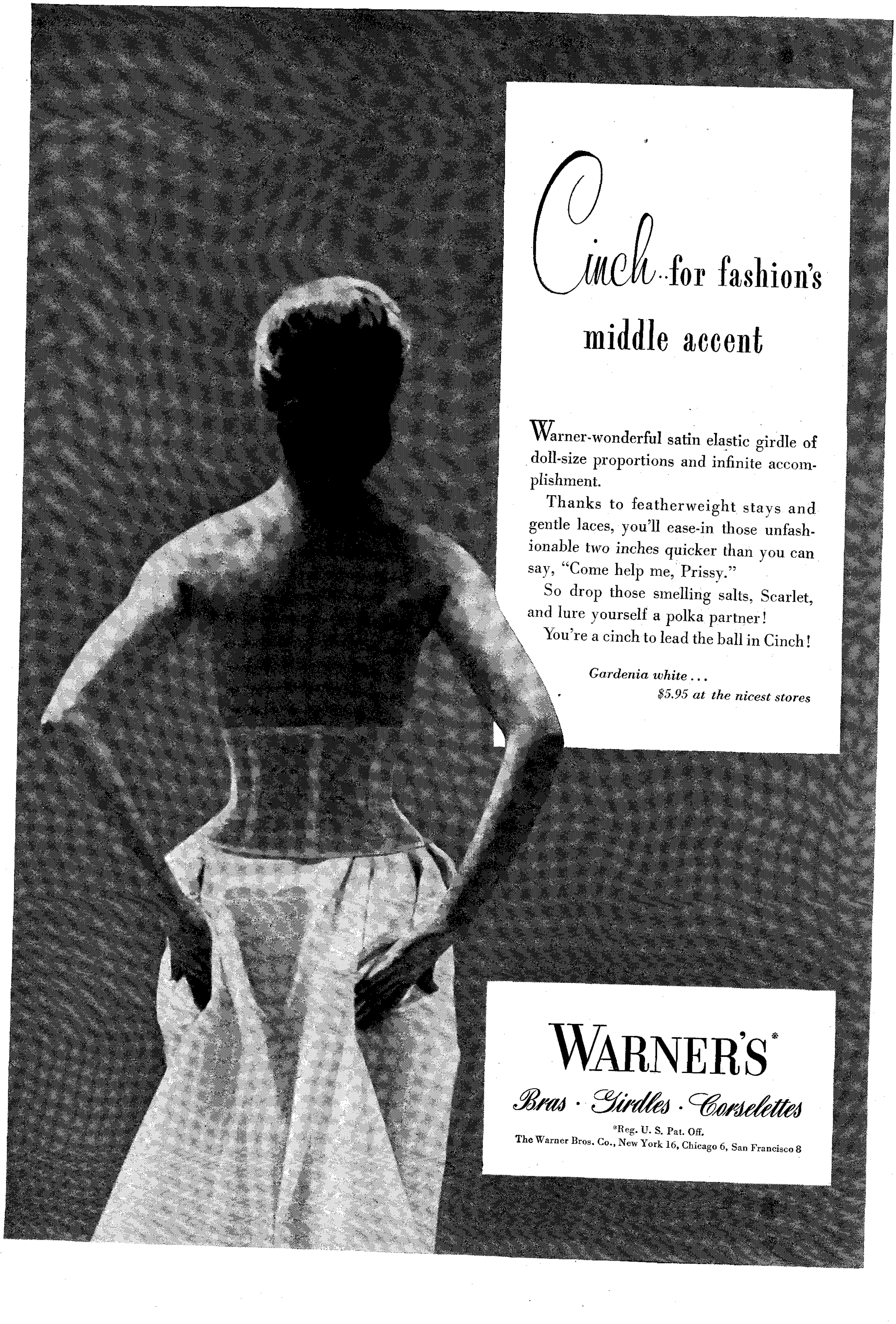
As we continue to ramble through the autumn custom millinery collections, we find that Fashion has become hidebound, dictatorial, and regimented indeed. The brims of the new hats are all turned up sharply against the crowns high in back and jut forward like monster visors in front, except, of course, when the brims don't even come near the hairline in front and either dip in back or actually burst into bustle fullness. All hats, too, ride high and wide and straight on the head, except the hundreds that tilt so drastically that the profile is often completely hidden on one side. In the immortal words of Mr. John, who does the heavy thinking at the establishment of that name, "There are no more nervous little jewels and no more complicated, nervous little hats sitting on top of the head"—except, of course, for all the placid, intricate folds and the phlegmatic ostrich plumes, peacock feathers, rhinestone ornaments, and sparkling veils that adorn uncomplicated, unnervous little hats in every showing, including Mr. John's. All hats must ripple, except those that turn out to be the straightest of sailors. This is because the coiffeurs are regimenting womankind, too; there are only pompadours, pageboy bobs, upswept short hairdos, and chignons to choose from. Even color is rigid; everything is brilliant—peacock and the like—except for all the pale, misty hues and the discovery of something called black. Oh, it's an arbitrary age we're living in, all right, but don't get the idea that the boys and girls in the profession aren't struggling to make it bearable.

And now for an inspection of the current regulations laid down by some of the masters of the art.

Mr. John's travelling hats are of vividly striped wools and usually equipped with a matching stole almost as big as a burnoose. Many of these hats end above the hairline and are wide and pointed on the high side. They're worn straight or tilted. Other travelling hats, of felt, are Sherlock Holmes style—narrow at the sides, with one visor in front and another down the back of the head—or helmets with brims that dip away from the crown at the sides and come under the chin like a wimple. (It takes a shoehorn, or anyway a hathorn, to get these on, I guess.) His all-day-long hats are small and incisive. The tilted fedoras are creased up the crown and have tiny brims turned up at one side; flat, subdued derbies have short backs and a leaning-forward look. They are often made of "shag" felt, which is brushed to raise the nap in a fuzzy, pleasant way. (Admirers of a *really* fuzzy surface should see the angora Mr. John puts on top of the brims of those floppy hats he dotes on.) For tailored suits, he likes oblong tailored bows with a winged look straight across the top of shallow pillboxes, across the front of small-brimmed cloches, and across the back, in Breton style, of other hats. A severe yet dashing touch wherever he uses it. Mr. John can always figure out something new to do with caps. His Bob hats, as close-fitting as bathing caps, have points jutting forward along the cheekbones to keep a long bob back from the face. Some tiny cloches or caps tilted to one side are covered with beads so close together that they look like sequins. Some others, of black velvet, have a ruffly "brim" of horsehair covered with swirls of braid and occasional rhinestones; the vast velvet stoles that accompany them have edges to match. What he calls Deer turbans are sidewise caps of felt, often in "natura" beige, a beautiful neutral color with a becoming greenish cast. Four twisted felt horns (like pastries) ascend at one side to give the hats height. Mr. John has always made back-of-the-head calots that hardly show in the



*"I don't suppose there's any chance you've got the wrong address, is there?"*



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front, Duchess of Windsor style. These are to be worn all day, with or without a clip at one edge. This year, he adds to them a separate veil of tulle, dotted with rhinestones, that goes across the face, drapes in soft folds under the chin in a beguiling manner, and ascends in back to a frothy bustle. Finally, there are quantities of boas made entirely of tulle ruching, to match infinitesimal tulle hats or the bustle veils I was just talking about.

WALTER FLORELL will never let down the woman who loves a sailor. His Hopscotch sailors have small brims, flat crowns, and an absurd skipping rope under the chin to regulate the delicate bird-cage veil over the face. They're of melusine felt or (yes) red patent leather, and there is self drapery around the crown. Other sailors, of copper panne, have an ostrich feather jutting to one side to relieve their severity; still others have headbands and round, fat, padded dog collars tying around the neck. Florell's Wise Eyes sailors have very low crowns and quite wide brims, and a cool, poised air. Sometimes there's burnt ostrich all over the brim. For Florell, like his confreres, is bullish on ostrich this year. A shaving brush of it shoots out behind one ear, as in the dear old twenties, on a cloche; a hat shaped like a baseball cap has glycerine ostrich feathers shooting forward and upward from the visor. Florell also lets fox fur hang over brims in front, in a manner that makes the wearer mysterious rather than ponderous. Black fox overflows the smallish, wavy brim of a black felt hat that is short in back; white fox appears over curved brims of hats that are accompanied by barrel muffs of the fur.

Florell's newest venture is Mr. Walter ready-to-wear hats, now visible in his salon. The deep caps, draped to look like turbans, are a specialty. Prices are around $40.

CHANDA, at 30 West 57th, has discovered that contact with the consumer can be an inspiration as well as a sorrow, so now he's again making hats to order. He likes backs deep and often ornamented. His Tri-Star hat has two points making it look like a wide pillbox in front and a third point descending flat against the head in back. Some of his hats have a huge tortoise-shell button high at one side in front; others have a rhinestone buckle at the nape of the neck and a trail of ostrich fluffing forth from it and going down the back. His Flying Saucers are flat, crushed pillboxes, entrancing done in white satin covered by his beloved cocoa malines and with a stripped pheasant feather jutting sidewise from a round braid ornament at the center front. This silhouette, however, is most interesting done with flat feathers in two or more colors, making a pattern that's like an exaggeratedly loud tweed. In fact, they're called tweed feathers. In red, white, and black, with a red sequin here and there; in yellow and gray, with rhinestone dots; and in copper and sapphire, with a round feather muff to match. These feathers also make mildly tilted cloches and off-the-face sailors with slight peaks in front and felt brims or crowns. Veils of taupe malines, whisked around hats, look exactly like nimbuses. And Chanda is doing beautiful things with frosty-white beaver, such as a cloche that has a highish crown dipping to the nape in back, a rhinestone ornament in front, and a taupe malines veil, as well as a shallower and wider cloche that is studded with a constellation of small and large glass stars.

BRAAGAARD and his co-designer, Adolpho Sardiñas, have fallen under the influence of the Toulouse-Lautrec exhibition in Paris (and so have the Parisian milliners, by the way). They make exciting hats turned up sharply high across the back of the head, sometimes with enormous, deeply folded, and pleated visors coming forward in a jagged, irregular line. The brims of others descend at each side, and there is a high, round peak in front. One brim is covered with ostrich so stripped that it looks like black threads with a bit of white fluff at the tips. Sometimes a wavy double brim curves low in front, beret style. The two designers have done tricornes of every size, too. A tiny one of black velvet has pale-blue ostrich flat across the back and curling down over one shoulder. Another, of red velours, has a deep cap back and a soft, undulating brim slanting down the front. One of the best of the bread-and-butter hats here is of black velvet. It's slightly pillbox, and goes out into points high at each side. A black velvet ball dangles from each tip. One Braagaard-Sardiñas version of the cap is something you'll want to wear every day—Petit Brioche, worn tilted. The high side is folded forward to project a bit over the temple. More manic is a black velvet wig cap, hugging the head like a bathing cap and descending into a simulation of a spit curl on the forehead. In back, it pulls up into a reasonable facsimile of a chambermaid knot. As for the Oriental influence, look at a wide chamois felt cone around which black chiffon is wound. The chiffon ends up by dangling down over one shoulder.

THE Siamese touch ("The King and I" was bound to have repercussions) is handled particularly well by Laddie Northridge. Small felt hats ripple along the hairline and rise into a peak that is decorated with pearls and gold-braid embroidery; deep felt caps, snug over the ears, have jewelled platforms on top; larger ones have brims that curve low across the front and turn up in back, and are often of reversible felt, such as ginger faced with black, and turquoise with cocoa. This reversible felt points up the folds in Northridge's sweeping profile hats, very low on one side, and frequently bearing a large rhinestone ornament high on the brim of the up side. Mr. N. is no longer superstitious about the evil eye in peacock feathers, so they are rampant in his shop. They garland the crowns of profile hats and then sweep downward; they arch into a point at the dead center of a small cloche of green velours with a rippled brim. Ostrich gets his attention, too; a mushroom sailor has ostrich projecting over the slightly turned-under brim. It is further enlivened by circlets of beaded and braided ribbon and tiny pompons of clipped ostrich. As for extra gimmicks, Northridge has not only stoles but giddy aprons that can double as capes. One of them accompanies a scoop bonnet of black velvet that is paved with jet sequins.

ROBERT DUDLEY, always the nonconformist, rejects sharply turned-up brims in back, because he thinks they're unbecoming to *any* coiffure. He likes head-hugging caps or platforms as a foundation and great swoops of hat superimposed on them. Thin, undulating, double-faced black velvet is converted into a sort of large beret, and white soutache trimmed with soutache balls makes a web across the top. Another hat, conservative in front, looks like a double beret, ducked forward; in back, though, spiky and brilliant feathers swirl furiously up to the crown. His version of the small, clamped cap that everyone loves for the theatre and cocktails is of the traditional black velvet, and a spiral spring of jet-covered wire on top can be pulled up into a question mark. Similar snail spirals lie flat against both cheeks. These fold under the hat when it's time to pack. More *fun.* His crocheted triumph comes straight from the Italian fishing fleet—a kind of skating cap worn way over one ear. This has a dangling tip long enough to wrap around the throat.

BENDEL has a collection of French headgear to prove that the profile hat will never disappear from Paris, and also that the hat bars can offer no competition in the matter of intricate envelope folding. Legroux Sœurs have produced a Scotch cap that never saw Glasglow, rounded and scalloped over the right eyebrow; a casual hat for sports or town, by the same Paris house, has a blouse crown pulled in with a band and a tiny buckle, and its gathered double brim turns up casually at one side. Other hats, from Gilbert Orcel, Rose Descat, Jacques Fath, and so on, are really too complex to describe, so . . . Bendel's own designer has brought forth a profile cuff hat in velours, with a wide brim turned back in front and rolling down to one side at the rear. It's caught next to the ear with a rhinestone cuff link and then dips below.

WEIGHTY FRAGMENTS: Esther Dorothy has concocted a sassy nine-inch bow, made up in any fur you can think of, from mole to sable. It would go nicely on the shoulder of your suit, but it's designed to be worn high on the side of the head. . . . The face under the hat, of course, continues to be important. . . . Marvella has passed a miracle by faking pearls whose dull sheen simulates cultured pearls with great success. They're on view at Lord & Taylor and Bonwit Teller. . . . Big, fat blob earrings are still with us, but they're even larger and more colorful. After all, hats are being constructed to give your face a slender, pointed look, so you have to have width at the ears to keep from looking too gaunt, don't you? . . . And flash and glitter have not subsided; Trifari's Spotlights are "diamonds" sunk in round hunks of black glass like onyx to make bracelets, fat earrings with a small drop, and the like. At Bonwit, and soon at Saks Fifth Avenue.

—LOIS LONG

•

. . . Twice he had bared his shouted gibberish.
Each time Col. Kenworthy had deliberately and patiently buttoned Okawa's shirt.—*Bloomington (Ill.) Daily Pantagraph.*

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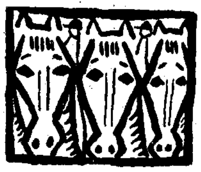
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Jackpot*



I DON'T often bet on out-of-town races, but I was tempted to have a modest flutter on County Delight in the Arlington Handicap at Chicago last weekend. I thought he had only Oil Capitol to beat, and that he could do it. That Cochise would beat them both never occurred to me. But that's exactly what happened. What's more, it seems that he led practically every step of the mile and a quarter, over the kind of footing he wasn't supposed to like. Also, only a few hours before post time his trainer seriously considered scratching him, because the track was muddy, but decided that inasmuch as he'd come all the way from the East specially for the race he might as well run anyhow. Not a bad decision, if I may say so, for Cochise collected an even hundred thousand dollars for Don Ross, his owner. Oil Capitol was second. Though County Delight hasn't been out of the money in his ten starts this season, he is slipping into the always-a-bridesmaid class. This was the third time in a row he finished third, and travellers returning from Chicago report that he had none of the dash he'd had in the Brooklyn at Aqueduct and the Suburban at Belmont. Maybe there's a triple hex on him.

RECENTLY, this department suggested that Calumet Farm hadn't entirely run out of luck. In case you didn't keep tab, it won only half a dozen races at Arlington Park, which closed last week, but one of them was the Arlington Futurity, worth $64,140 to the winner, Hill Gail. Ever since Hill Gail, who's by Bull Lea and Jane Gail, came through, there has been much flag waving in his behalf, and many experts have gone off the deep end with pronouncements that this two-year-old is the best his stable has shown since Citation and Bewitch. Perhaps. At any rate, he has won all of his three starts impressively; in the Arlington Futurity, he beat a field of seventeen. Horsemen who have seen him say he's a fine big dark bay with powerful shoulders and quarters—in other words, a typical Bull Lea. This spring, Ben Jones, the major-domo of Calumet, remarked casually to the press that his two-year-olds weren't much (although among the lot was a full brother of Citation, named Unbelievable), but that next season he was going to have some stock that could really run. If he didn't, he said, he'd shut up shop. A couple of days after Hill Gail's feat, Jones saddled a daughter of Twilight Tear—remember her?—called A Gleam, who won like a good one at the first asking. Could Plain Ben have been holding out on the boys?

IT may be that I'm noticing such things more, but it seemed to me that racing was unusually thin at Jamaica last week. I have always known in a general way that we pass through the doldrums before moving on to Saratoga, but having thirty claiming races in one week, as we just did, brings things to a pretty pass. A bright spot, however, was the comeback of Bold in the Saranac Handicap last Saturday. The Preakness winner hadn't been out since he developed shin trouble at Belmont early in June, but he gave fourteen pounds to Loridale and nineteen to Mandingo, and won by a length. Another first-rate performance was that of Hannibal, who beat five other two-year-olds for the Albany Stakes on Wednesday. Apparently, his victory in the Wakefield Handicap at Jamaica several weeks ago wasn't an extraordinary stroke of good fortune.

THE other day, I listened to the riding orders given to one of our more popular jockeys. "This horse is all right, but don't take him to the inside of the track, and whatever you do, don't use your whip," the trainer said. "If you hit him, he'll stop to a walk." Well, as quickly after the start as possible, the boy popped his mount to the inside, and kept it close to the rails. Turning into the stretch, he drew his whip and laid on with it. Curiously, however, the harder he whipped, the faster the beast ran. Eventually it won, by a length or so. Later in the afternoon, the jockey met the trainer in the saddling paddock. "I thought you said that horse would stop if I hit him with the whip," he said, with a touch of venom. I wonder who lost a bet. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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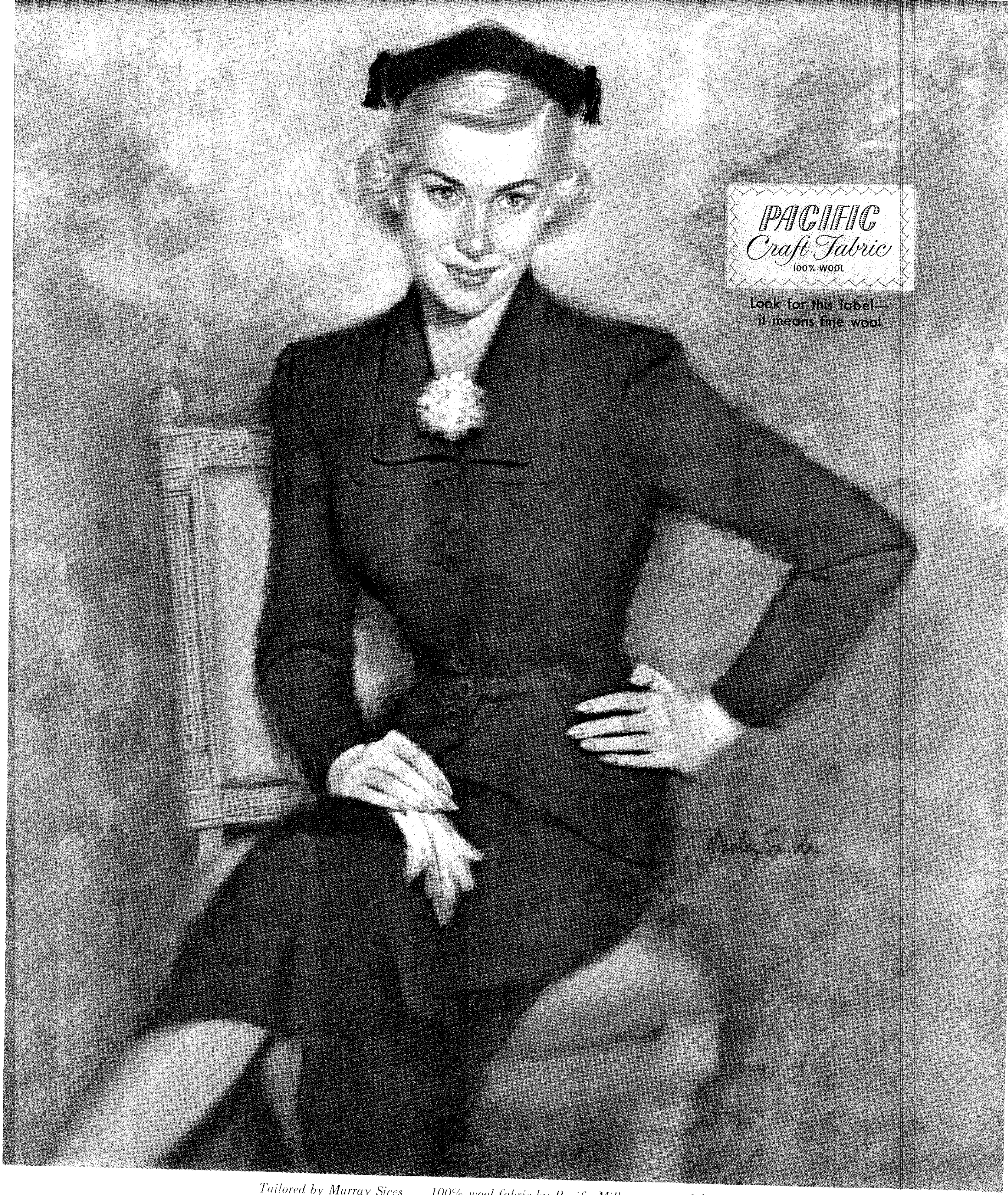

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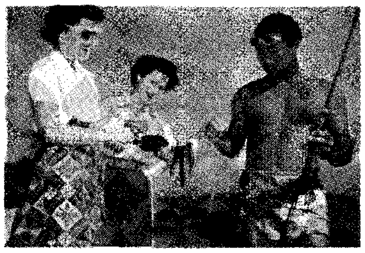

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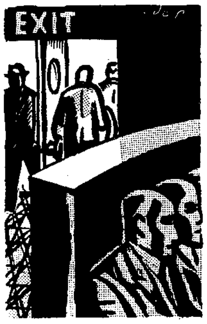
# THE CURRENT CINEMA

## *Alice Everywhere*



IT is now possible to see two celluloid versions of "Alice in Wonderland." One is the work of Walt Disney, the other of a man named Lou Bunin. It was Mr. Disney's conviction before these pictures were released that he, and he alone, had the right to interpret Lewis Carroll. The courts, however, decided that Mr. Bunin had just as much privilege in the matter as Mr. Disney. Having seen the products involved in the litigation, I am afraid that justice in this instance was singularly strabismic. The judicial finding, as I see it, should have enjoined both Disney and Bunin from ever laying a hand on the fantasy of Mr. Dodgson.

In Mr. Disney's "Alice," there is a bland incapacity to understand that a literary masterwork cannot be improved by the introduction of shiny little tunes, and touches more suited to a flea circus than to a major imaginative effort. Mr. Disney, however, merely dilutes "Alice" with his own pale variety of whimsey; Mr. Bunin reduces it to a kind of horror story. The latter, working with puppets too awful to be admitted into even a nightmare, makes a sodden hash of the satiric fairy tale, paying close attention to the warts on all the splendid characters in "Alice" and neglecting the wit that makes the characters behave the way they do.

Possibly nobody is going to create a visualization of "Alice in Wonderland" that won't do violence to the nostalgic imagery of the piece that remains in the mind's eye of those who grew up on Tenniel's illustrations. But even granting a certain latitude for variations in approach, the pair of movies we have here are a dreadful mockery of a classic. While Mr. Disney toasts his marshmallow in straight cartoon style, Mr. Bunin has gone to the trouble of introducing a prelude in which live actors strive to prove that Carroll concocted "Alice in Wonderland" as a consequence of a visit Queen Victoria made to Oxford. This is very silly stuff, and hardly made more palatable by the fact that the color in the film turns all complexions a rather odious shade of blue. Mr. Bunin's Alice appears to be a young lady ready for the altar; Mr. Disney's is as creaking a figure as his Cinderella.

"BRIGHT VICTORY" is a picture about the blinded soldiers who are in residence at the Army hospital in Valley Forge. There are first-rate performances by Arthur Kennedy and Peggy Dow, and if perhaps the problems of the blind are solved just a bit too neatly, the film as a whole has the merit of presenting some dramatic situations that ought to excite a good deal of sympathy in anyone. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

## SHELL

Cream-white and glazed with coral,
great conch, unfurling cone,
O shell that held the ocean
against my credulous ear,
O sign of faith, preserver
of the long breakers' roar,
the ground swell, rising, falling,
the sea, the not-yet-seen—
your magic was illusion,
deception earliest known,
false mystery, false marvel.
No green wave over green
wave arching did you echo,
no sound of surf on shore.
My own heart's pulsing
was all there was to hear.

Cream-white and glazed with coral,
great conch, unfurling cone,
O shell that held my heartbeat
against my credulous ear,
O hollow shell, resounding
from the deep hidden core,
the tide you told was mortal,
scarlet instead of green—
you made the self, the secret,
manifest, separate, known,
in that sea-echoing rhythm
that keeps the flesh for screen.
Ocean or heart, what matter?
The same, no less, no more.
Time's dissembled pulsing
was all there was to hear.

—CONSTANCE CARRIER

•

### WHICH LUCEPAPER D'YA READ?

. . . a slender Moslem tailor named Mustafa Esho stepped from behind a door of Jerusalem's Mosque of El Aqsa, whipped a German paratrooper's Luger from his pocket and fired four shots point-blank at the dignified gentleman [King Abdullah] approaching him.—*Life.*

At that point a young man in Western clothes stepped from behind an iron grille gate. Within a few paces of the unsuspecting monarch he whipped out an American-made automatic, fired five bullets into Abdullah's face and chest.—*Time.*

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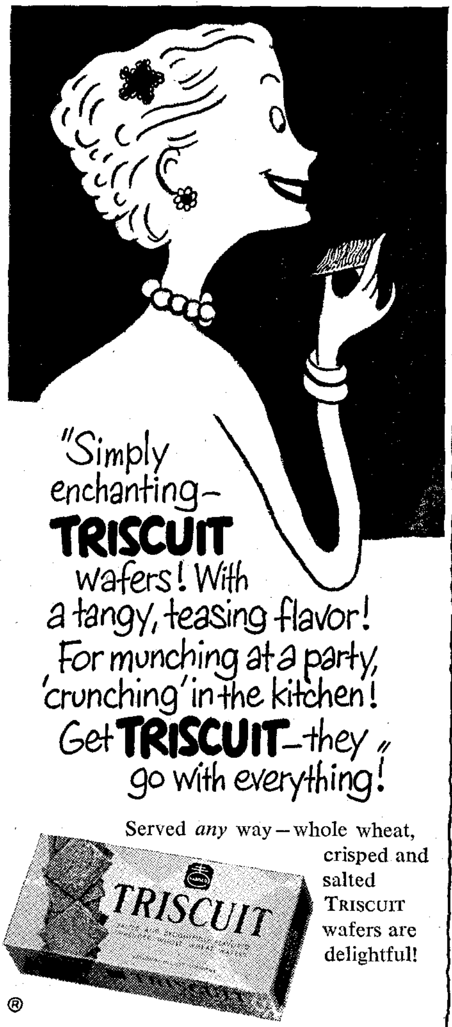

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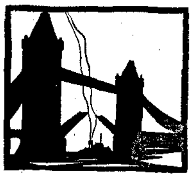
# LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 24

"ONE WAY ONLY," the recently published pamphlet that indicates the direction in which Aneurin Bevan and his friends would like to steer Britain economically and morally, has caused some relief and some disappointment here. Later reactions may be more serious.

Ever since Bevan, followed by his Ministerial supporters Harold Wilson and John Freeman, walked out of the Government earlier this year as a protest against the Chancellor's budget, there had been much nervous speculation as to just how devastating the expected Bevanite broadside would be. Now that it has made its appearance, there has been a perfect gale of Labour breaths being relievedly let out, for it is felt that the pamphlet contains nothing that greatly alters the present setup. All the same, many Socialists who had candidly hoped that Bevan's arguments would ginger up the Party, which could do with a pinch of the old red-hot revivalist spirit, were disappointed with the mixture as offered.

As a document, "One Way Only" is frequently odd. Bevan, Wilson, and Freeman give it their blessing in a foreword, but it was ghosted by a team of anonymous writers, and published by *Tribune*, the Socialist fortnightly edited jointly by Bevan's wife, Jennie Lee, and Michael Foot, and though the benign trio remark that they do not always agree with all its "nuances of meaning," the general thesis is, of course, in line with their beliefs. Maybe they themselves are just using one of those handy nuances of meaning when they go on to say that the pamphlet "is not intended to be a statement of policy for the Labour Party," for it starts right off by outlining a policy for the Labour Party. The principal points are the same ones that Bevan gave as reasons for his walkout: first, that the scale of the defense program to which Britain is now committed is too big to be tackled with existing resources of manpower, raw materials, and machine tools; second, that this country's merely convalescent economy cannot support the defense program without running a high inflationary temperature; and, third, that it is the working classes that are going to feel the program's hardships most. What is novel in the Bevan line this time is the sudden conviction that Russia is weaker than we think and less anxious for trouble than we fear. (No private pipeline to Moscow is cited for this conviction; it is based on the comforting circumstance that Russia did not attack Tito in 1948.) Therefore, the pamphlet argues, the outlook for an ultimate breaking down of Soviet suspicions is not hopeless; therefore, the British rearmament program should be "restrained," as should that of the Americans, who by 1953 will be in possession of a stupendous war machine that someone may want to throw into gear somewhere. The third logical "therefore" to which all this would seem to lead—that there is really no need to rearm at all—is not stated, however.



The statement also comes out strong for supporting the world plan to improve living standards in undeveloped countries, especially in Southeast Asia, as one way of fighting Communism without atomic bombs (this bit is borrowed from the official Labour Party program put out at Margate last year, as a matter of fact); for keeping up the benefits of the welfare state here; for a general price freeze; for a ban on increased dividends (dividends are mentioned as though they were something disreputable and received uniquely by "the rich"); and for a capital levy, "the case for which is now overwhelming." Some readers who say cynically that the pamphlet ought to be called "One Man Only," since they see it as Aneurin Bevan's latest directive to himself in his ambitious progress toward leadership, also feel that the language in which it is written—a blend of attractive, worldly promises and emotional, otherworldly fine phrases—bears occasional chilling reminders of other dynamic men's bids for European leadership in our time.

The press reception given this document was almost uniformly awful, the *Daily Worker* being one of the very few journals to accord it an admiring word. The Tory *Daily Telegraph* spoke of its "woolliness," the Liberal *News Chronicle* called its proposals for slowing down defense preparations "at best uncertain and at worst suicidal," and the *Times* said that its "rhetorical flourishes serve only to reveal the barren emptiness of the argument." Though the pamphlet got such a brusque public brushoff, it is certain that it will stick like a teasing bur to the Government's coattails when the Labour Party conference takes place in October, and it is also certain, in spite of the pious declarations of the Bevan group that they had no intention of challenging the authorities, that its object was just that. Also, however innocuous the immediate effect of "One Way Only" may be in political circles, which are full of experts in hot air, there's no telling what effect it will have on the mass of Labour's supporters, who might easily think that hot air is at least preferable to living in a perpetual icy draft of uneasiness caused by the crazily jumping cost of living and by fear of the future. Unless someone acts sharp and points out the flaws in the argument, anyone who says loud enough that it's a good idea to rearm more slowly, so that houses can go up and prices can come down more quickly, is sure of an attentive hearing from a great many worried people. The preliminary agenda for the Labour Party conference has just been published, and it's notable that it contains thirty-seven local Party resolutions on rearmament, all of them in a critical vein. It's equally notable, though, that the trade unions have held their fire.

FROM all signs, the holiday rush to the Continent is going to be bigger than ever, which makes all the shrill cries of dilapidated bank accounts puzzling. Though there's suddenly less spending money about, it is impossible to book passage for a car on the cross-Channel boats in the next month or two. To judge by the apparent determination of every Briton to take himself and his family off on wheels, or even on their own hiking feet, to explore their neighbors' scenic attractions and steaks, London will soon be given over completely to the tourists, who are here already in huge numbers. The South Bank and the rest of the Festival shows are currently getting large crowds and good weather. One of the outdoor shows most pleasant to visit on a hot afternoon is the London County Council's international exhibition of sculpture, which is on view in a green glade of Battersea Park, within sound of the Festival Pleasure Gardens' roller coasters, and includes as living exhibits on the adjacent lake a lot of lively waterfowl and sweating shirtsleeved Londoners in rowboats. The great sensation of the first open-air sculpture exhibition put on here in 1948 was the noble group of Henry Moore's upward-gazing, curiously poetical women, seen to perfection against leaves and turf. His present entry, an abstract work identified in the catalogue as "Standing Figure," is posed against the lake and is harsh and hideous enough to alarm the waterfowl. The exhibition, lent by private collectors and museums

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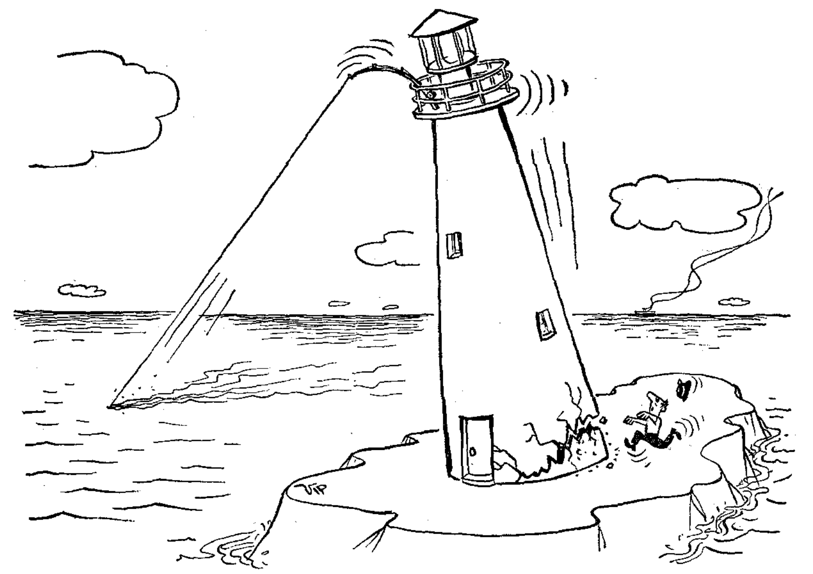

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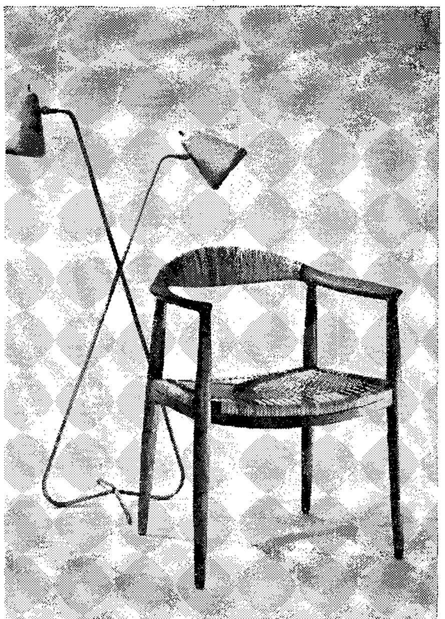

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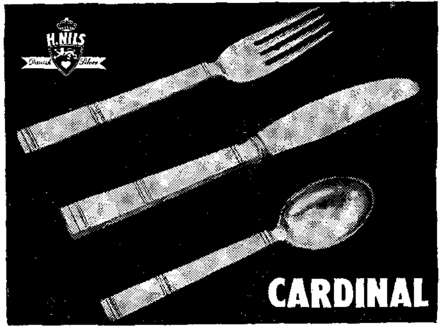

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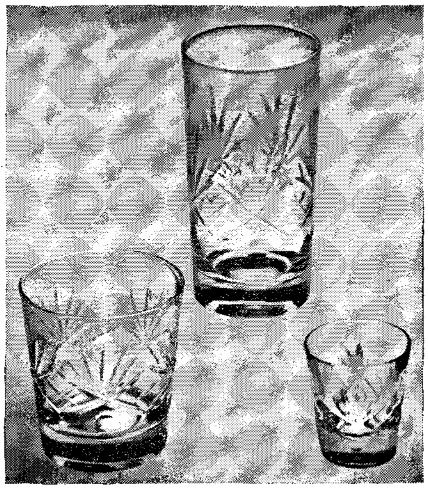
all over, also offers the soothing ripe loveliness of Maillol's nude woman "Mediterranean," a fascinating bronze horseman by Marino Marini, and—this year's noble contribution—Epstein's touching swaddled figure "Lazarus." When this work was shown some time back in the small Leicester Galleries, it looked to the quailing customers to be roughly the size of the Nelson column, but scaled down by a background of some fine dark trees at Battersea, it looks just right and magnificent.

THE outdoors was, as it always is, an important part of the Glyndebourne Festival, in Sussex, which ended last week after a phenomenally successful four-and-a-half-week season. This is the first year that Glyndebourne has received state backing, through the Arts Council of Great Britain, but, as ever, it set its own standards of minute perfection in singing, setting, and orchestral and stage direction. The festival culminated on Monday with the televising of "Così Fan Tutte" in full, the only opera to have been given live on British television so far. The special audience on Monday night, requested to turn up in full evening fig to give the correct "Glyndebourne atmosphere," bravely loitered by the famous flower borders under gloomy gray skies for the television cameras; and Mozart came over fine, though tiny. The other productions this year included Mozart's early opera "Idomeneo" (he wrote it when he was twenty-four), which had not previously been given a professional performance in England during the hundred and seventy years since it was written—an inexplicable wait for such a treat. In this *opera seria* on the classical theme of the kingly father Idomeneo of Crete, who vows to sacrifice to the sea god the first human being to greet him on his safe homecoming (it turns out to be his son Idamante), Carl Ebert produced on Glyndebourne's little stage a series of big choral climaxes so brilliantly managed that only occasionally did it seem that anyone unwarily sticking out a foot might topple the whole packed company into the orchestra. Sena Jurinac, as the captured Trojan princess, enchantingly used her perfect Mozart voice, as pure as spring water. Oliver Messel, who designed the décor, wittily overlaid the Cretan scene with later Venetian splendor and made Jurinac and Birgig Nilsson, who sang Electra, look like Veronese beauties, spectacular in stormy colors against airy Grecian colonnades.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES



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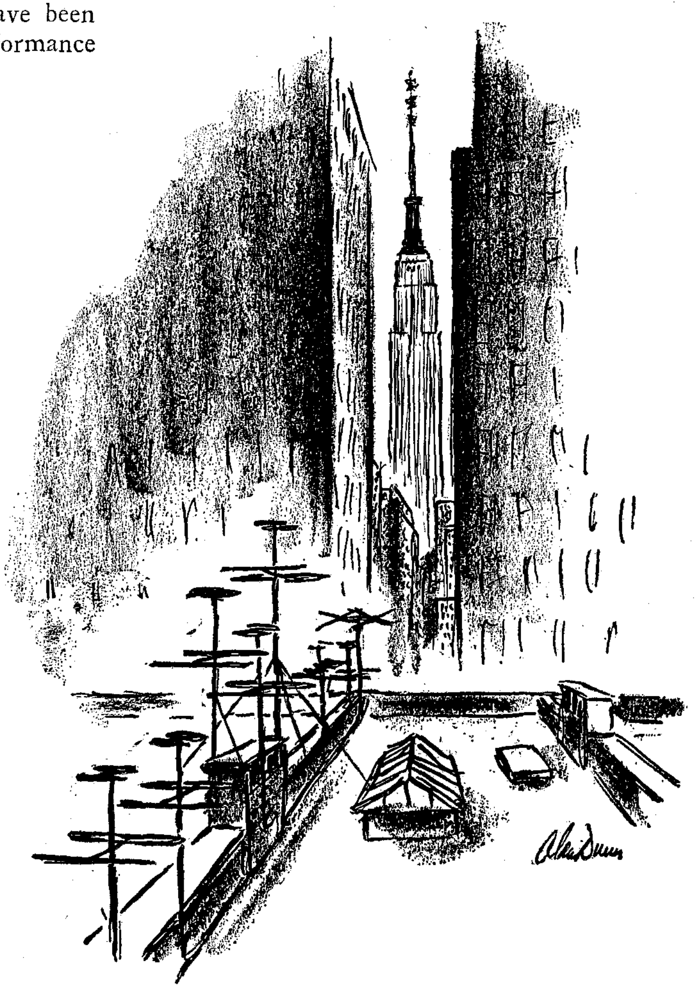
# BOOKS

## *Eric Partridge, the Word King*

MR. Eric Partridge, the New Zealand philologist, has become a formidable figure. During 1950 alone, four books of his were published in America, as well as a new and enlarged edition of a book that had already appeared over here, and a new book on which he had collaborated. In England, he has published twenty-five books, mostly on linguistic subjects.

Let us begin with Mr. Partridge's most important work. "A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English from the Fifteenth Century to the Present Day" first appeared, in England, in 1936, and a third edition, which adds to the one thousand and fifty pages of the first two editions two hundred pages of fresh material, was published in England in 1948. This new edition has been brought out by Macmillan over here. The dictionary, which aims to cover, as its title page announces, "colloquialisms and catch phrases, solecisms and catachreses, nicknames, vulgarisms and such Americanisms as have been naturalized," is a masterly performance and ought to be acquired by every reader who wants for his library a sound lexicographical foundation. This reviewer has been using it for years and he does not remember Partridge's ever having let him down. You can find here every kind of slang, from the bizarre inventions of the Elizabethans to the special vocabularies of public schools and the catchwords of the last two wars. Mr. Partridge also grapples intrepidly with all those terms that nineteenth-century prudery compelled the editors of the great Oxford English Dictionary to slight or to exclude. Not only is the Partridge dictionary a comprehensive work of reference, in which all the information is presented crisply and clearly, but it also makes interesting reading as a picture of English society that brings out strikingly the class stratifications. The low-class language is squalid; most of its humor is ugly or sulky. You get the dreary rhyming slang: "trouble and strife" for "wife," "God-forbids" for "kids," etc. In its grime, the traditional lingo of universities and public schools and the smart slang assigned to "Society" are sprinkled like private codes.

The codes of the criminal groups of both the British and the American worlds have been compiled by Partridge in another work, running to eight hundred pages, which appeared last year in England and here: "A Dictionary of the Underworld" (Macmillan), which includes "the vocabularies of crooks, criminals, racketeers, beggars, tramps, convicts, the commercial underworld, the drug traffic, the white slave traffic, and spivs." This was preceded, in 1948, by "A Dictionary of Forces' Slang: 1939-1945," which covers the language of the British services. This last has not been published over here, but the Philosophical Library has brought out "Sea Slang of the Twentieth Century"—this, too, exclusively British—compiled by Wilfred Granville, with an introduction and etymologies by Partridge.



As by-products of or supplements to these major works, Mr. Partridge has written also a whole series of books on special subjects. The most ambitious of these are "Slang Today and Yesterday" (the third revised edition of which has been brought out over here by Macmillan) and "Usage and Abusage: A Guide to Good English" (Harper). As a dictionary maker, Mr. Partridge is unrivalled in his liveliness and terseness; as a grammarian and a critic of language, he does not always make so good a showing. Though most of his work in this field is of interest, he is not quite on the same high level as either Mencken or the Fowler brothers. "Usage and Abusage" is less finely discriminating and reasoned, and seems to me less reliable, than the Fowlers' "The King's English" and "Modern English Usage," which really make this work of Partridge's unnecessary. The book on slang is rather commonplace and sometimes a little tedious when Partridge himself is talking. If, for example, he wants to explain the effects of the First World War on English, he unloads on us a great wad of words that rather obscure than illuminate the subject. But as a history of slang, the book includes an anthology of vernacular writers from the fourteenth century on that makes very entertaining reading, and as a history of the study of slang, it supplies us with the opinions, quoted at length, of the earlier students of the subject, and the volume stands with Partridge's dictionaries as one of his valuable works.

In connection with these supplemental books, one cannot help having the feeling that Partridge has been overexpanding. His "Dictionary of Clichés" (though it has run into a fourth edition) cannot pretend to be exhaustive and seems of rather dubious utility. This subject, too, has been more tellingly dealt with by Fowler. Mr. Partridge's sense of banality has not prevented him occasionally from succumbing to a cliché himself, as when, in "Slang Today and Yesterday," he says that those who served in the First World War "claimed a right to eat, drink, and be sexually merry." As for his "Name Into Word" (published by Macmillan last year), though it collects some curious etymologies, it, too, seems an unnecessary compilation. What real use is a dictionary of proper names that have been turned into nouns, verbs, and adjectives? If you didn't happen to know that a word had been derived from a person or place, you would not look it up in this dictionary, and you would find the proper-name derivation in the ordinary dictionary anyhow. In the case of Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Partridge is actually less satisfactory than the big Funk & Wagnalls dictionary, for all he tells you is that Mrs. Grundy is a character in an eighteenth-century comedy, whereas you learn from Funk & Wagnalls by whom and why apprehension was felt about this lady's opinion. The collection by Partridge of "essays on language," "Here, There, and Everywhere" (Macmillan), is in the nature of linguistic light reading, but it contains some interesting pieces. Mr. Partridge has not much to contribute in his discussion of the humorous inventions of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear (he does not try to tackle Joyce), but he has written what would seem to be the final word on the British epithet "bloody," the objectionability of which has always presented a puzzle. He concludes that it has nothing to do with the archaic oath "by our Lady," from which it has lately been the fashion to derive it, but that its analogues in other languages suggest that it owes its explosive force to nothing more remote or outrageous than the idea of blood itself, with its implications of cruelty and violence, just as "frightfully" is based on "fright." And there are entertaining papers on euphemisms, on the habit of primitive peoples of naming themselves "the men" or "the people," and on the process by which certain last names give rise to inevitable nicknames, as when a boy at school named Sloan is immediately known as "Tod."

One of Partridge's lesser books does, however, make a unique contribution to the study of Shakespeare's texts. "Shakespeare's Bawdy: A Literary and Psychological Essay and a Comprehensive Glossary" (Dutton) makes up for the neglect by scholars of one aspect of the poet's work. The timidity or the ignorance of the academic approach to Shakespeare has left some large and awkward gaps in textual elucidation. Falstaff at Mistress Quickly's and Katharine of France learning English have been made to seem even more scandalous through being thrown into relief by the commentators' sudden silence. Though Mr. Partridge is here, as he always is, both well informed and bold, he is, as sometimes happens with him, not always perhaps quite intelligent. In looking for Shakespeare's ribaldry, he occasionally, it seems to me, elaborates a simple double-entendre to an improbable multiplicity of meanings, while, on the other hand, he misses some obvious tricks. But the book, which steers clear of prurience in repairing the omissions of prudery, is in general based on common sense, and Mr. Partridge deserves praise for having written it.

I HAVE spoken of the class stratifications that appear in the "Dictionary of Slang." In "Slang Today and Yesterday," Mr. Partridge points out that as the social compartments began to break down during the First World War, colloquial speech in England tended to become more uniform. It has always been so in the United States, and the appearance of these books of Partridge's, like that of Mencken's "American Language," is itself a sign of the growing ascendancy of the vernacular over the literary language.

"The Language Bar," by Victor Grove (Philosophical Library), is not a very able or valuable book, but it raises a point that is interesting in connection with this crisis of language. Dr. Grove, another British philologist, contends that it is a good deal more difficult for an Englishman to learn good English than for a German to learn good German or a Frenchman to learn good French. He ignores the whole question of grammar and does not recognize that the fewness of inflections in English offsets the undoubted difficulties. There is the matter of spelling, of course, upon which Dr. Grove touches. But what worries him particularly is the problem, if one has not had a classical education, of correctly using English words that are derived from Greek or Latin. He says that real literacy in England has been the privilege of the well-to-do minority who have been educated in the universities, and he proposes that courses be given, in the ordinary English schools, in which, without the actual study of Greek and Latin literature, the students should be drilled in the Greek and Latin words that give English its most important roots. This is perhaps not a bad idea, but if Dr. Grove had lived in America, he might already have become discouraged by seeing the meanings of so many words transformed by illiterate usage; "jejune" and "transpire" are among the most

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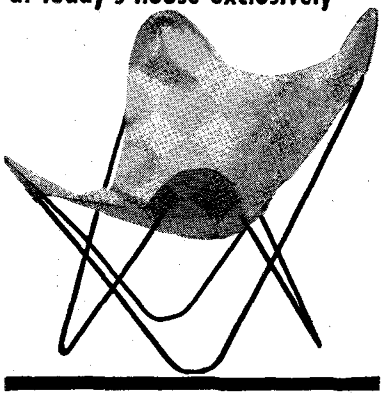

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conspicuous examples. May it not be that the literary language is rapidly losing ground to a language of streets and motor routes, of office business and mechanical processes, of armed services and criminal rackets, a language in which, except for certain scientific fields, the derivations do not matter and are going to join the lost inflections? How many of the words and expressions listed by Mencken or Partridge owe anything to a Greek or a Latin that one would have to take a course in to master? Opening the "Dictionary of Slang" at random, I do not find many words that are even based on the classical languages, and the "phenomenon" of Mr. Partridge is "a prodigy, a remarkable person" and the "operator" a "pickpocket;" the "tripos" means "intestines" and the "salubrious" "intoxicated."

—EDMUND WILSON

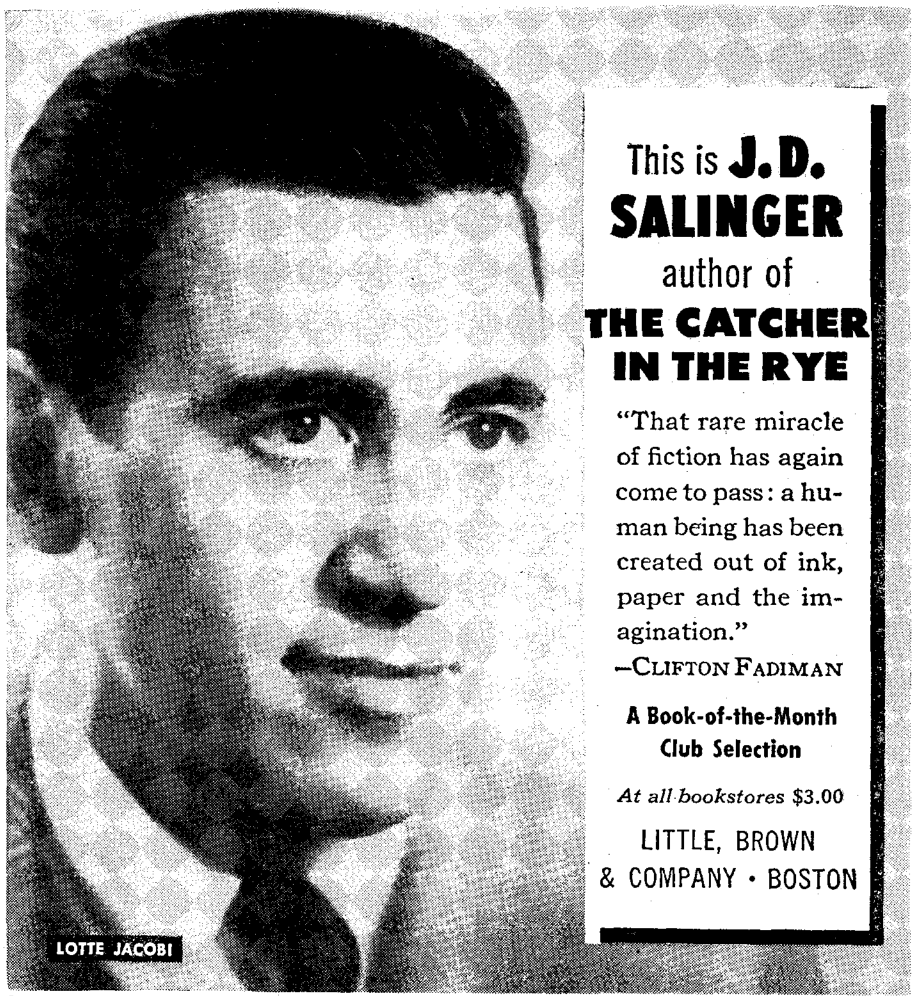
## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

LUCY CARMICHAEL, by Margaret Kennedy (Rinehart). Dull girls don't make very good reading, even when they have been jilted. This is certainly so in the case of Lucy Carmichael, although Miss Kennedy puts enormous enthusiasm and effort into the task of reviving her after she has been left flat at the altar by an explorer named Patrick Reilly. After working very hard and wearing out her trousseau and regaining her good looks, Lucy meets another young man, much nicer than Patrick, and happiness sets in, at which point even her author has the sense to see that the end has come. The Literary Guild selection for August.

### GENERAL

WHITE MAN RETURNS, by Agnes Newton Keith (Little, Brown). Further episodes in the lives of the Keith family, whose wartime tribulations are familiar to the many readers of "Three Came Home." Although in 1946 Mr. Keith had barely recovered from his prison-camp experiences, he returned that year to Sandakan, North Borneo, his former base of operations, as a civil administrator for the British Crown, and his wife and young son George joined him not long afterward. This account of their part in the reconstruction of that battered country and of their relations with assorted members of its polyglot population doesn't have the sustained interest of Mrs. Keith's pre-



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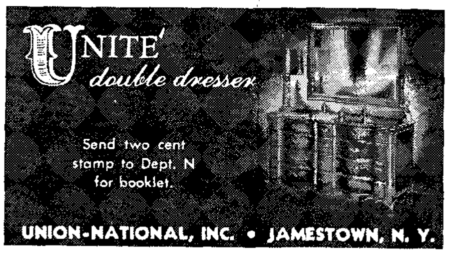

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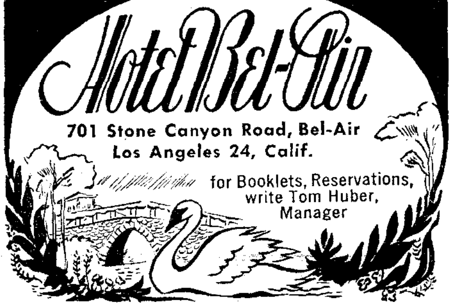

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vious book. Actually, it is a running commentary, rather too jauntily written at times, on the ambiguous position in the East of a well-intentioned and conscientious Westerner who is convinced that his particular segment of the Orient isn't yet ready to get along without his ministrations. The author's portraits of her servants and acquaintances in Sandakan are nicely and sympathetically done, but in the long run it's young George, one of the most adjustable children on record, who comes through best. Illustrated by the author.

PROFILE OF RED CHINA, by Lynn and Amos Landman (Simon & Schuster). A readable report on Communist China, where the authors were stationed as correspondents for a number of American and Indian publications from June, 1948, through September, 1950. They witnessed the fall of Shanghai and travelled extensively in the country before the Communists seized all power and restricted the movements of foreigners. Their attitude toward the Communists is not a matter of black and white. They do not profess any admiration for Communism, yet they believe that the revolution was bound to come, that the Nationalist government was a poor thing and had alienated itself completely from the people, and that the Peiping government is not controlled by the Kremlin because, in their view, the day is over when any government that is subservient to a foreign nation can stay in power in China.

JOE TUMULTY AND THE WILSON ERA, by John Morton Blum (Houghton Mifflin). A biography of Joseph Patrick Tumulty, Woodrow Wilson's secretary, patronage dispenser, and political factotum, who was to Wilson something of what Jim Farley was to Roosevelt. Tumulty was a practical man, schooled from childhood in the ward politics of the old Horseshoe section of Jersey City; according to the author, he was, however, an incorruptible man, who worshipped Wilson and whose political ideas, like his chief's, anticipated much of the New Deal. Tumulty's story has a tragic ending, for the President in his last illness turned on this most devoted of his followers (he was probably influenced by Mrs. Wilson, who loathed Tumulty for personal reasons), and when Wilson's political star declined, Tumulty's declined, too. Other historians have written of Joe Tumulty in much less favorable terms, but Mr. Blum has had access to all of his papers, including his private notebook, and has been able to present the fullest account of the man yet printed. Photographs.

PHOTOBIOGRAPHY, by Cecil Beaton (Doubleday). During the earliest, or Brownie, phase of his career, Mr. Beaton reports in this memoir, he was "stimulated to transports of adolescent ecstasy" by an exhibit of photographs of English theatrical beauties, copies of which were widely circulated in the early nineteen-hundreds on picture postcards. Although these transports have been modified by the passage of time and by Mr. Beaton's spectacular vault into the pages of *Vogue* and into the good graces of the British Royal Family, he's still a bit breathless about the amount and degree of pulchritude he has been privileged to record for posterity. His book is composed mainly of anecdotes, some of them having to do with the professional innovations responsible both for his success and for a good deal of bewilderment on the part of his subjects, many of whom had never seen a stuffed dove or prostrated themselves on a strip of linoleum until the day they arrived at his studio. Most of the time, though, Mr. Beaton chats away divertingly about his more outstanding assignments, which included a strenuous wartime tour for the British Ministry of Information, as well as the more widely publicized job of photographing the Duke of Windsor's wedding. A hundred photographs illustrate Mr. Beaton's progress from Brownie to Rolleiflex, and they, of course, are the whole point of the book.

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### SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Dakota City (Neb.) Herald*]

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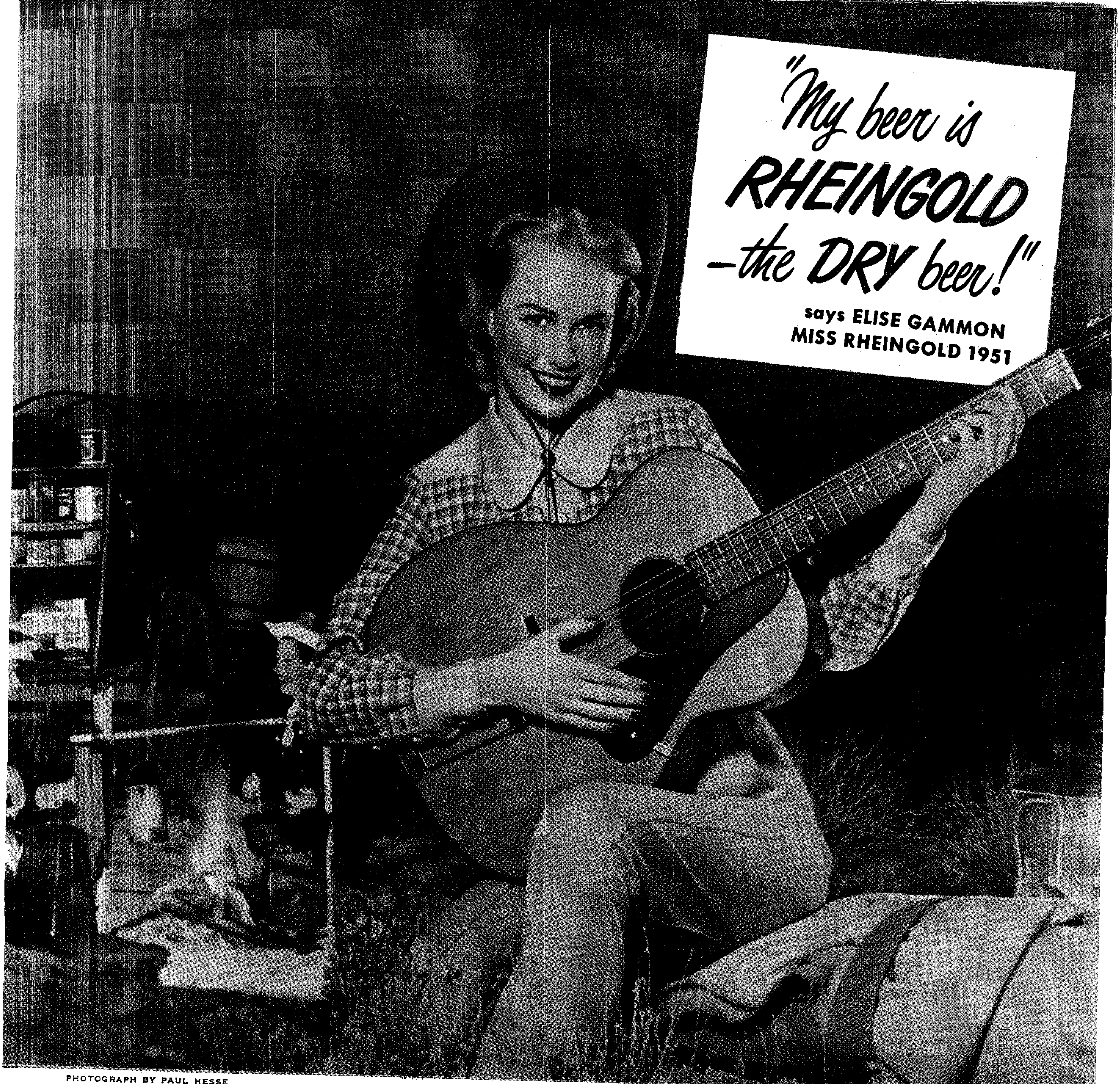

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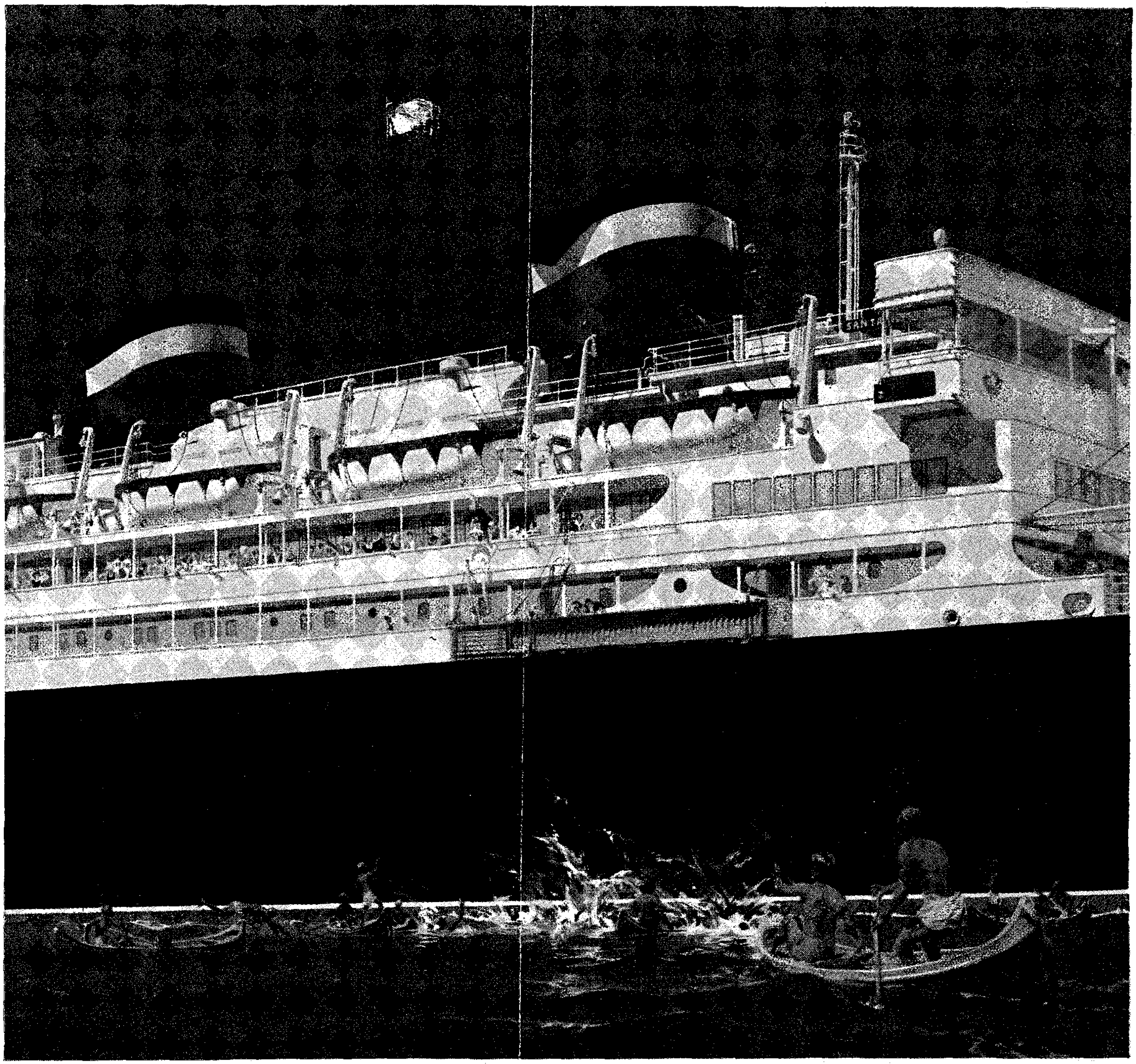

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